The SPHERE

Vol. CXXV. No. 1629 APRIL 11, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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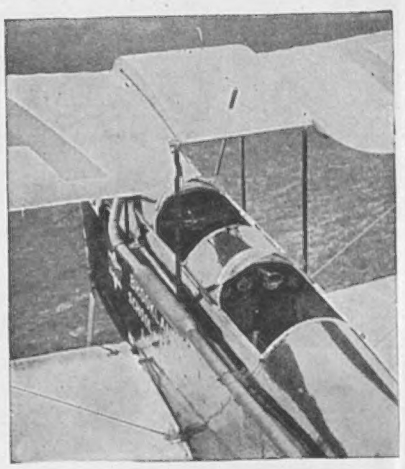

The cockpit of an instructional 'plane. By courtesy of Brooklands School of Flying Limited.

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The last word! The cabin of a D.H. Puss Moth—2-3 Seater de luxe high speed tourer. Photograph courtesy "Flight."

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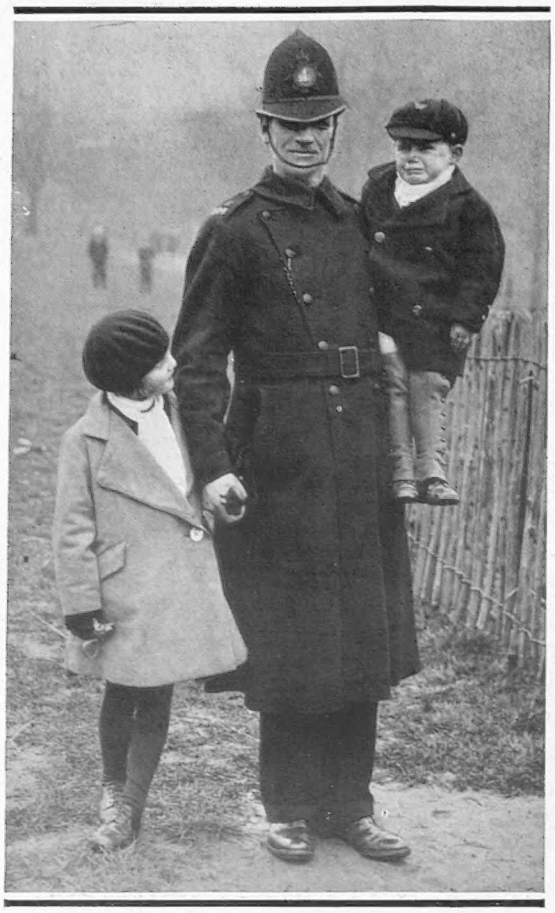
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXV No. 1629 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, April 11, 1931

The YOUNG IDEA RIDES in the ROW

This Age of Youth has brought with it many delights and privileges for the young, not least of which is instruction in the art of riding. In that famous haunt of equestrian society, Rotten Row, "in single spies" and "in battalions," children, from toddlers who can barely walk to sturdy youngsters in their early teens, are to be seen cantering and jogging along the tan—earnest of the health, vigour, and sportsmanship of the next generation.



GUARDIAN OF THE LOST, PROTECTOR OF THE POOR: The police performed many a task of mercy during the Easter week-end in addition to the extra routine work entailed upon them by the holiday—and none so grateful as the looking after children lost during the fun fair on Hampstead Heath

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 8, 1931.

A Wise Man.—Of Lord Stamfordham I wrote at some length last week before his illness ended fatally. His loss reminds us for a moment of many great truths which modern existence thrusts out of sight. For example, the deplorable reactions of continuous publicity on public men. None ever read the name of Lord Stamfordham outside of the *Court Circular* which few see. Yet he was beside the helm of the Ship of State in its passage over stormy seas from the "autocracy" of Queen Victoria in her dealings with her Ministers to the present relationship of a constitutional monarch with his Socialist Ministers. The more Lord Stamfordham saw, the less he said; the less he said, the more he heard. The unknown statesman is dead, and at once he towers above his contemporaries in public life on whom the glare of publicity never ceases to shine with its cruel, revealing rays. Truly silence is golden still, and more than ever. And we reflect on the changed position of the throne. We had lightly assumed that as the Constitution grew more democratic the power of the Sovereign declined. The very opposite is the truth. With the decline of aristocracy the responsibilities of the Sovereign are doubled. And doubled responsibilities, in this suspicious, questioning age of half-educated, thin-skinned democracy, demands ever higher statesmanship of the King's adviser and go-between. The King's restraining influence must be exerted with the utmost delicacy. No man is indispensable, doubtless, but Lord Stamfordham will be hard to replace even among his well-trained assistants at Court. I have heard it argued that the times would justify a novel departure from precedent, and that the ideal successor would be Sir Robert Vansittart, the present permanent Secretary of the Foreign Office. Meanwhile the sympathy of the Nation is with the King in his loss and his illness, which is happily not serious.

The New Conservative Chairman.—Mr. Chamberlain, having cleansed the stable and closed the ranks (more or less), craved leave to resign the office of Chairman of the Conservative Party—that thankless task. The proof of the pudding he has cooked will be the next General Election. Mr. Chamberlain is certainly wanted elsewhere. He has been much missed in the House of Commons. Lord Stonehaven, who succeeds him, is of the school of Bonar Law. He is in the late fifties—an active, genial, monocled man, a social asset, and an administrator of wide experience. He has been an Intelligence Officer, and a Commonwealth Governor - General, Commissioner of Works, and Minister of Transport; he has been in the Home Office and in the Air Ministry, and in the field of diplomacy he has lived in Abyssinia, Somaliland, and the Argentine. A Scotsman, to boot, which gives augury that he may assume the cloak of Sir George Younger. What the party asks from him is a mouthful; clarity of mind, strength of character, tact with a big T, foresight, energy, and good faith towards those who have served the party well in the past and suffered for it. Members and candidates don't want to be flooded out with literature from the Central Office. They want an editor who knows his own mind and their difficulties. Local organizations don't want to be dragooned, nor on the other hand to be deserted. These bodies need tactful handling. A skilled parliamentarian — and there are dozens without seats — is thrice as satisfactory a candidate to all concerned as a wealthy greenhorn prepared to maintain a hundred local football clubs.

Fate and Future of the Airship. — Sir John Simon, the great Commissioner, has been chiefly responsible for the two most important reports of the day. He has been cavalierly treated in regard to the first. It is to be hoped that his report on the *R 101* will be made use of long after it has been read. One or two responsible journals assert that the mystery of *R 101* remains a mystery still. I cannot agree in this view. The case is proved to the hilt, and the knob on the top of the hilt. The structure was sound, the control gear did its job. so did officers and crew; the weather was but a contributory cause. The *R 101* became vulnerable to contributory causes because gas leaked abnormally from the forward bags due to chafing at first, later possibly to a more serious rent. Chafing was an old trouble which had earlier given rise to anxiety, and was largely due to the alterations made to increase lift. *R 101* started to India, inadequately tested in this respect, and having regard to the large number of new and untried features in her construction. Blame for that too hasty start is equally apportioned between the Air Ministry for stressing the political urgency of an early start and the experts for lending too willing an ear to political considerations. Yet neither Lord Thomson and his Ministry on the one side nor the experts on the other can be fairly blamed severally and apart from the other. It is a joint distribution of blame for over-hasty judgment Could any comb have combed the tangle smoother? There is a current article by Commander Kenworthy, anticipating this report, and setting out the case against airship construction. It is worth reading; it is as utterly convincing now as before the publication of Sir John Simon's report.

The Peace of Europe.—That Germany should have chosen this moment to revert to the secret and deliberately irritant methods of diplomacy of Bismarck, has set all Europe scratching its head, and the soft words and tardy explanations of Herr Curtius have not altogether arrested the exercise. We in England feel that Germany to-day must be in truth very different from the sane and sober pictures which itinerant journalists bring back from their tours abroad, if the nation concurs in its Government's reckless sacrifice of all immediate hope of warmer relations and a more sympathetic understanding with France, and is prepared to throw away the patiently-won diplomatic achievements of her one or two far-sighted post-War statesmen, not least of which was Britain's firmly-based regard, purged of the old suspicion, for the new spirit of post-War Germany, a regard which is of course not proof against attacks on our pockets. The German people in 1914 were led to ruin and the shambles by the insane pride and vanity of a narrow aristocracy. Are we to believe that in almost record time the inevitable democracy has changed to a tyranny still more strangling, and that the blindness and folly of the few can once more play ducks and drakes with the destinies of the whole nation? Instead of the Hohenzollerns, we see the Hitlerites rattling the same old sabre, and the old Prussian spirit haunting once more the Chancelleries of Europe. But Germany fortunately has already given recent proof of sounder sense, and history fortunately cannot repeat itself exactly in the manner of 1909-14. The League of Nations now politely veils what were formerly Europe's ultimate counter-moves to German diplomatic aggression, and no one yet seriously believes that this veil of the Temple will be rent in twain in our time. But Europe most sincerely wishes that Germany would study still more anxiously the history of its own times.

Raising the Wind.—When Parliament meets again it will be in the Budget atmosphere. What dreams have come to Mr. Snowden on his sick bed we do not know, but bombshells rarely burst during a Budget speech. It is customary for the noxious gases to leak out gradually during the fortnight preceding zero day and hour. We believe we are to have one more "Free Trade" Budget; we are broadcasting Mr. Snowden's recent assurances that direct taxation has reached its limit, as if to estop him from second thoughts; and we are already beginning to twist our mouths into an appearance of sympathy with Mr. Bung the brewer, and Mr. Fagg the tobacco wizard, and incidentally with their numerous and costly family, customers, and clients. But alas! ten brilliant ideas for indirect taxation don't bring to the mill the grist of one penny on Income Tax. Another 6d. on income will balance almost any budget—for the duration of the financial year, of course. It is very tempting, if you don't expect to be in office next April, and have to deal with a little error of 25 millions on the wrong side. Perhaps, first of his race, Mr. Snowden will find a way to mulct the lounge lizards, the Lido luxury crowd, the Dago Do-little, the rag, tag and cocktail element whom the cheap Press label smart Society, in the belief that it is thereby adding a feather to London's cap. That is the only opportunity I envy him. When he goes to the wicket he will not have to face the bowling of Churchill from the gasworks end.

"Horrible Outrage." — The unspeakable holiday weather had one silver lining. It saved acres of common from destruction. I remarked last week that there is a section of the population whom nothing but conviction and fines will deter from wanton destruction. Since writing that I have read Dr. Vaughan Cornish's little book on the poetry of natural scenery. This charming tribute to the beauties of Nature, appealing to the imagination, cannot, of course, touch the hearts of hogs; but Dr. Cornish does suggest that even more strenuous and rather different lines of propaganda might be worked to graft on the stubborn trunk some vague idea of the commercial value of beauty if not of its moral value. The B.B.C. does what it can, but in my view it is far too restrained and polite in its tactful little decency suggestions before bank holidays. We want something cruder and more forceful, we need to drive the lesson home in homely parable, of pearls and swine, of the fouling of nests, and so forth. It is a thousand pities that there is no "money" in "a decency stunt" of this sort. Otherwise we might get the sensational Press in on the side of the angels. But the sensational Press is too busy with its political stunts, its sex appeal, and its crime and passion appeal to bother about pretty views. It would, I suppose, be too far-fetched to suggest to the editors of the 2,000,000-mark dailies to feature this unceasing campaign of destruction under such headings as "Horrible outrage in country lane," or "Surrey copse horror," or "well-known beauty assaulted on Surrey common."

An Outdoor Hobby.—The happiest men I know are those who have found for themselves an outdoor hobby. Gardening is perhaps the ideal recipe, but we cannot all have gardens, even tub-gardens. After gardening I put bird-watching and wild flowers. If more people took up these hobbies England would be a happier and a more beautiful place in ten years' time than I think it will be. I am distressed to observe the aimless melancholy of the average Bank Holiday Cockney in the country. It is this boredom and vacancy of mind which leads to wanton destruction and fouling of the countryside. Either of these hobbies trebles the delight of a day in the open air. And it is no counsel of perfection. I know now by experience that it is possible for a middle-aged Cockney to learn the appearance and the notes of the common British birds in a very short time by the aid of a cheap opera glass, a small bird manual, and the occasional assistance of a knowledgable friend. And for this hobby there is no close season. Spring and early summer soon become a season of sheer delight to the amateur bird-watcher, but autumn and winter afford endless opportunities for increasing knowledge as, for example, of the haunts and habits of the Dartford Warbler on Surrey Commons. It is ignorance and idleness that everyone concerned to preserve rural England must combat.

"Dream Island."—It is not often in life that one meets a man whose dreams have come true to the last dot of the last i. Such a man is Mr. Lockley, and *Dream Island* is the record of this unique achievement. It is not a new book, but it fell into my hands only last week and I bless the chance which gave it me. Mr. Lockley wanted to be a Robinson Crusoe, and Crusoe he became while still a young man. He owns an "inaccessible island" off Milford Haven, and on it he lives in a house built stone by stone and beam by beam with his own hands. His goats supply him with milk; his warren and the sea with meat and fish; he bakes his bread, shears his sheep; warms himself with coal and driftwood cast up by the sea. But he is more blest than Crusoe; instead of a parrot he has a wife apparently as capable, as brave, as enthusiastic as he. Together they build and plan and dig and sail the seas, primitives on the fringe of a satiated civilization. Care free and truly happy as only those can be who labour with their hands the thing that is good and can enjoy and observe Nature in primeval isolation. If you long for a new and super Marryat, beg, borrow, or steal *Dream Island* and I promise you three hours of splendid freedom from all earthly cares and fetters.

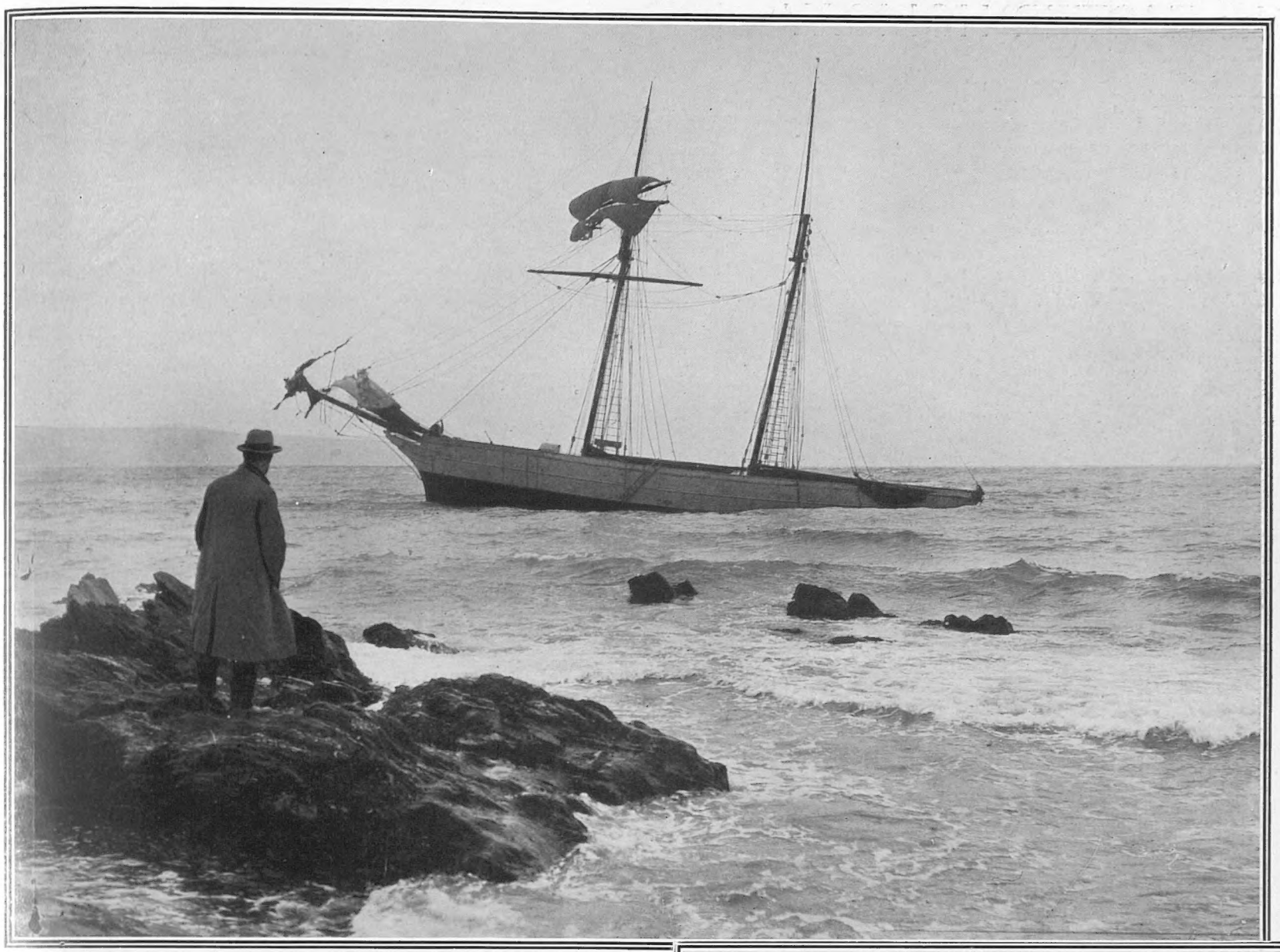
Katherine Tynan.—Poetry doesn't pay. Katherine Tynan was a poetess of distinction who cannot have welcomed the necessity for employing her art in the writing of pot-boiler novels. She was in her element in the Dublin circle of poets, which included Yeats and Lady Gregory, and she had the blessing of a forty-year friendship with Alice Meynell, of whom she once wrote: "Her poetry had set her apart, consecrated her. She was in a sense heavy with it, as a golden bee is heavy with honey." It is a telling word-picture of Alice Meynell. She was a passionate Parnellite, and George Wyndham was a great romance in her life. For years she corresponded with him on literary subjects, but she would never let him visit her. I reviewed her *Memories* as a result of which we began a correspondence and I went to see her in London two or three times.

Glen Kidston.—It's impossible not to feel sorry for Father Time nowadays. All the young sparks come along and hit him where they please—him who was for so long undisputed champion heavyweight. Cape Town in six days is really as quick as need be. Why turn Central Africa into a Surbiton? But youth will have its fling, and the spirit of adventure and hustle runs in Glen Kidston's blood. He has flirted with death a dozen times and deserves his triumph.

Mary Moore.—Oh me! to remember Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in *David Garrick*. Was ever man tipsy with such distinction? Why can I remember to this day that look she gave him when he rolled in patently drunk and patently a gentleman. They were the aristocrats of the stage, these two. There is no demand for them to-day among theatre goers.

THE OLD STAGER.

A WATERY EASTER *for* MOST *of* US



EASTER CHEERLESSNESS: A typical aspect of the Channel during the first spring holiday, when seas were mainly leaden grey. There were, however, a few brilliant exceptions of which one heard the day after! Above is seen a schooner run ashore

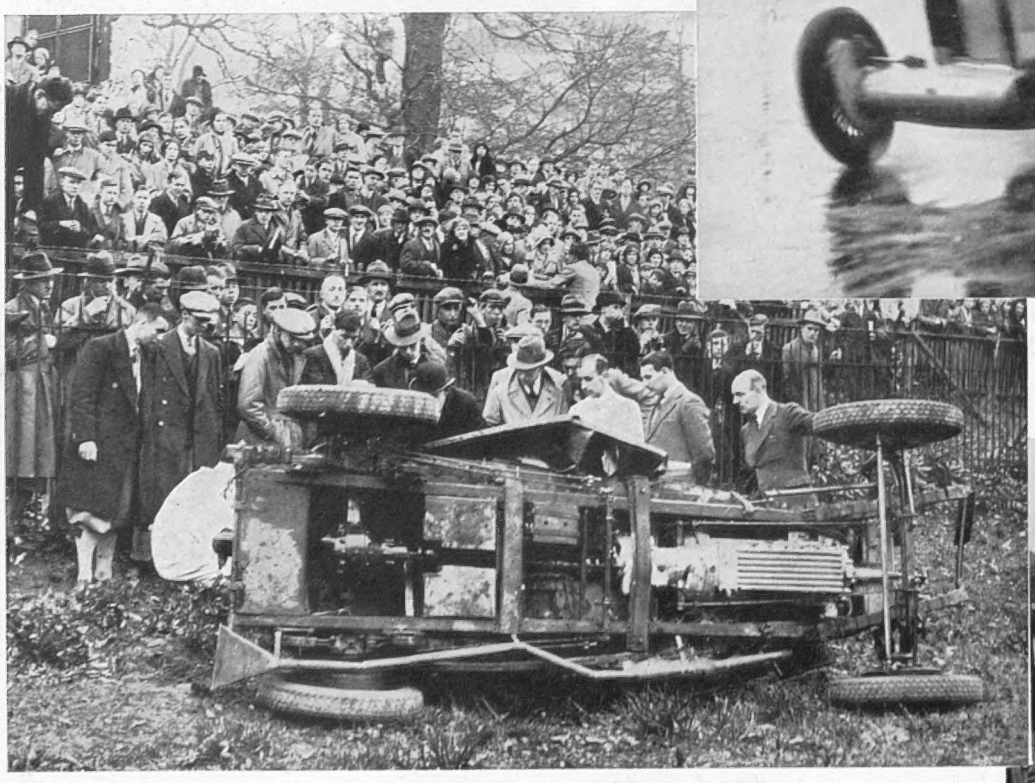
EASTER CLOTHES: Miss Niven competing in the first race held in the Solent at the Bembridge Yacht Club during the Easter week-end. Sou'-westers and "slickers" were not limited to the yachting fraternity — or sorority; however, they were both in use and in request on shore owing to the disappointing weather

"BAD FRIDAY" FOR ANIMALS IN THE ZOO! One of the most popular days for visiting the great menagerie in Regent's Park was this year ruined by the rain. The dismal and deserted outlook on "Elephant Walk" is seen above

SOME CONTRASTS of the EASTER HOLIDAY

BACK TO VARIETY: Easter Monday saw the inauguration of the new policy of the Alhambra. Three turns are shown on the stage at once. *Inset above on right* is a moment in the dressing-room in preparation for the dancing act

100 M.P.H.: Mr. B. E. Lewis in his Talbot in which he drove during the Easter Mountain Handicap at Brooklands. Despite the inclement weather, evidences of which are seen in the water-covered track, the meeting was crowded



THE PRICE OF PACE: Mr. S. C. H. Davis's car after skidding in the Mountain Speed Handicap at Brooklands on Bank Holiday—a crash which resulted in the driver fracturing his leg. At the same race meeting the track-rod of the steering gear on Captain Sir Malcolm Campbell's Bugatti snapped, locking a wheel—the narrowest escape the record holder has ever experienced

POINT-TO-POINT! Mrs. Daubenay, Mrs. Allen, and Mrs. Gaskell at the Berks and Bucks Staghounds Point-to-Point held on Easter Saturday at Sonning

NEWS *from* ABROAD

AFRICA BOUND: M. Dumesnil, the French Air Minister, leaves Le Bourget with Captain Costes, the famous airman

THE *FÊTE DE JAMBON*: Mlle Claire Hebrard, the "Queen of Paris," opened the traditional "Ham Fair" in the Capitale district, and is seen above sampling some of the product thus celebrated. A delightful little Spring episode in Paris

ROYALTY IN FACT WITH ROYALTY IN NAME: The Prince of Wales and Prince George chat to the Inca Indians during the visit of the former to the fortress of Sachsahuaman. These Indians, whose diminutive stature recalls that of the Pigmies of the Ituri Forest in Central Africa, derive their names and, according to some authorities and to many traditions, their descent from the ancient rulers of Peru, whose high civilization is being patiently unearthed and reconstructed by scientists. The Princes were entertained by a display of native dances by these interesting relics of a culture gone, with its god Quetzalcoatl, into the limbo of forgotten things. Their faces betray the purity of their descent and their costumes are traditional. *Inset above on left* are the Princes at the Buenos Aires Exhibition. The "gent's boater" is *en règle* in Latin America as in the U.S.A., where it is worn even with evening clothes, even in the real, as well as in the film, aristocracy. The manufacturers of Luton, the great centre of the straw industry which has, with the past decade seeing the triumph of the ubiquitous Homburg, been suffering from grave depression, are hoping that the Princes' adoption of this form of headgear will set the fashion for its, and the town's, renascence

The PLAYHOUSE of the GHETTO:

Wandering Jews Who Tour Yiddish Drama Round the World

By W. HOLT-WHITE

One of the most widely advertised things about the drama is that it is always dying. According to some critics it has long since been dead.

At the present moment the drama is again *in extremis*, and the reasons advanced for its impending demise are various. The "Talkies" are talking it to death; theatre rents are strangling it in its little white West End bed, the dearth of dramatists to feed it has afflicted it with pernicious anæmia, etc., etc. Yet it lingers on.

That, so they say, is the state of affairs in the West End. There is, however, nothing like that in the East End. If you want to behold a strong and lusty infant of the drama, very much alive and kicking like a steer, you must hike to Whitechapel. Yes, Whitechapel.

For here is a phase of the drama such as those who have never voyaged east of Aldgate can never have dreamed of. Here—I would like to take a motor-coach load of dramatic critics down there—is to be found the drama of Jewry.

Here are nightly staged lively manifestations of the Jewish theatre, a post-War institution of "national" inspiration but international growth. Here are being nightly presented plays which grip the Hebraic imagination round the world. Yiddish is the medium employed for interpretation, and that is a language understanded of any Jew from Prague to Paris or Moscow to Madrid. And the message which the plays convey is being carried round the world by bands of strolling players—Wandering Jews.

But let's to Whitechapel.

* * *

Just past St. Mary's Church the road forks. At night the endlessly stretching roads, lit mostly by brightly illuminated tramcars, suggest the poorer parts of some provincial city—say Liverpool. But closer investigation soon dispels that illusion. The names over the shop fronts, the people on the pavements, the voices about one, all proclaim one astonishing but indisputable fact: you are in London—but you are in a ghetto.

The road to the left past St. Mary's leads to Mile End, and here you will find the Pavilion. The road to the right leads to Commercial Street, and here is the Grand Palais. Flaming posters at the doors of both houses announce in bold hieroglyphic-looking type the mission of these places. They are Jewish theatres. Let us step inside, choosing the Pavilion first.

The night on which I paid my first visit was in a way a gala night. The play was "Her Last Waltz," and the "star" Clara Young—a Russian, a great and famous comedienne when Leningrad was St. Petersburg, in the days of the old Tsarist *régime*. Now the Pavilion is a vast and spacious house. It holds perhaps 2,000 people. It was packed—packed to suffocation.

The stalls—they cost three shillings—were in particular crowded—crowded with families. It was obvious that grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers and mothers sat in rows, children and grandchildren packed between their knees.

It was an audience which made one think.

Some were so patently prosperous; some so patently poor. There were old shabby men with wagging white heads, old women, hook-nosed and hunched; opulent men and women of middle age; pretty young Jewesses with rosy faces and painted lips and eyes like great drowsy or impudent stars; and young Jewish men with swart, sombre faces, who unashamedly clasped their black-eyed maids.

It was so obvious, too, that whether rich or poor, they were all of one family. They may have escaped from Odessa, or emigrated from Warsaw, or been on holiday from Holland, or have been born in Whitechapel, but they were all of one family—the great international family of the Jews. And they all understood the international Yiddish which clattered from the stage.

And all of them were wrapt; and soon one grasped why. "Her Last Waltz" is lurid drama; but the counterparts of all the watching figures in the audience were on the stage—the old men with the white wagging heads, the old women hook-nosed and hunched, the opulent men and women of middle age, the pretty young Jewesses with rosy faces and painted lips and great eyes like drowsy or impudent stars, and the young men with swart, sombre faces. All the types in the audience were there on the stage. The family was playing to the family.

And Clara Young was magnificent.

They told me she was sixty-four. She looked thirty. And there were poured into my ears tales of her former greatness. Of the benevolent kindness of the Tsar and the Tsarina, of the evil plottings of Rasputin. Amazing tales. But whatever the tales, she is a great artist. In "Her Last Waltz" she sings as she sways her supple body in the dance. She sings in her husband's house to the guests before whom she has been accused of murder, the story of her life; of her betrayal when almost a child; of the life of shame forced on her by her betrayer; of her escape and her marriage; of the blackmail extorted from her by the man who has done her wrong; of her killing of the man. And the moral of the story when it reaches its climax, when her child by her betrayer pleads with her husband, is that "when there is love there is forgiveness."

Sheer transpontine melodrama, saved only by the genius of a great actress. And not a dry eye in the house. Not even mine.

And outside, when it was over, cars and cars and cars lining the Whitechapel-road. The family had come from far-off affluent suburbs to see the family act. Such was the Pavilion. Now for the Grand Palais.

The Grand Palais is by comparison a modest house. They tell you proudly that it is to be transformed, but one wonders what, if it is made glorious, will become of the audience. For the greater part of the audience seems to be very poor. Once a week at the Grand Palais they charge a shilling for a double ticket. Each gentleman buying a double ticket can take a lady in free. It is cheaper than the "Talkies." So it is packed—packed.

It was packed with the same types of family that I had seen at the Pavilion. Three generations of each family in stifling rows.

And on the stage melodrama. Very melodrama; and all of it against a background of Jewish family life. Dignified governors of States, shrewd lawyers, comic butchers, budding authors, and all their women folk to match. The family again.

And how the families in the stalls and the pit and the circle and the gallery ate it up! How the poorer of them loved it! Tired, shabby men and worn, whitefaced women, straining their stockily built bodies forward. This was life—Jewish life; and they were of the great family of Jews.

To the tense and straining audience, the men and women beyond the footlights were more than mere stage heroes and heroines. They were real heroes and real heroines. And not without reason. The story of these strolling players, these Wandering Jews, is without any parallel; in its way it is an epic of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and hard work.

It is doubtful if any man could compute how many of these wandering Jewish companies there are now upon all the roads which traverse the two hemispheres. One company I saw at the Pavilion had come from Warsaw and was booked via London for New York. Another had arrived from Vienna and was bound for Buenos Aires. A company due next week in Whitechapel had been hung up at Tiflis. From London it would go to Amsterdam.

And all these companies were nationally Jewish and yet incredibly international in the matter of their individual artist's geographic birth. Russians, Austrians, Germans, Americans, Portuguese, and men and women of English birth all went to make up these companies.

What is the inspiration and what is the bond which sends these strolling players to humble triumph after humble triumph round the Jewish world? The answer is the ideal of Zionism and the talisman of the Yiddish tongue.

Zionism in a Whitechapel theatre? Oh yes. But not as we conceive it. Zionism to these toiling London folk does not mean a passionate desire on the part of every Jew to scuttle back to Palestine. No, these Jews are Londoners, and Londoners they will remain; and loyal citizens at that. And in the same way the world over, Zionism simply means that Palestine should represent a real geographical spot towards which every Jew should turn as to his national and spiritual home.

In short, the Jew, whether he be a German Jew or a Spanish Jew, or an English Jew, wants a sense of super-citizenship. He wants to feel that Palestine is "home." He wants to feel about Jerusalem in the same way that Canadians and Australians and South Africans feel about London.

He wants to feel one of the family. Just that and not much more; and it is to this end that the Jewish theatre helps him.

And here Yiddish enters as the common denominator of Jewish clannishness, just as English enters as the common denominator of the British races. That Yiddish—what a tongue it is!

Hebrew is the language of the Jewish *savant*. German is the language of the cultured Jew wheresoever he may be, in the same way that French is still the language of Diplomacy. But Yiddish is the *lingua franca* of the Jews of every nation. Basically German, it embraces every language, not least American. "That's O.K. with me, chief" is just as good Yiddish in Java as it is in Jerusalem.

That is the language which holds these Jewish companies of players together, the language which is responsible for thousands of Jewish plays of which we have never heard. Yes, thousands. The Jewish plays "on the road" can be counted in thousands, if not in tens of thousands. The explanation is simple. When a Jewish player joins a company he joins a family—a family with which he may live for years and ultimately die.

Now every Jewish company enacts various classic plays—but the bulk of the plays they produce are written by themselves.

Each member of the cast, no matter how junior a member, is expected to write at least one play. And such is the unselfish simplicity of these Jewish actors that they expect—nay, demand—that each actor-playwright shall give himself, or herself, the "star" part. By that means they feel that they will secure the best results; and often enough they do.

They are gluttons, too, for work. The very contemplation of their methods might throw even Mr. Charles B. Cochran into a mental home. A young actor will write a play overnight, with the verve and dispatch of Edgar Wallace. At 8 a.m. the company, the parts all neatly type-written, will assemble to rehearse it. They will rehearse it all day, what time the stage manager manipulates the available "sets." And at 8 p.m. they will produce it, word perfect, to a cheering audience.

The audience inevitably cheers because the underlying motive of all these plays is a passionate spirit of Judaism.

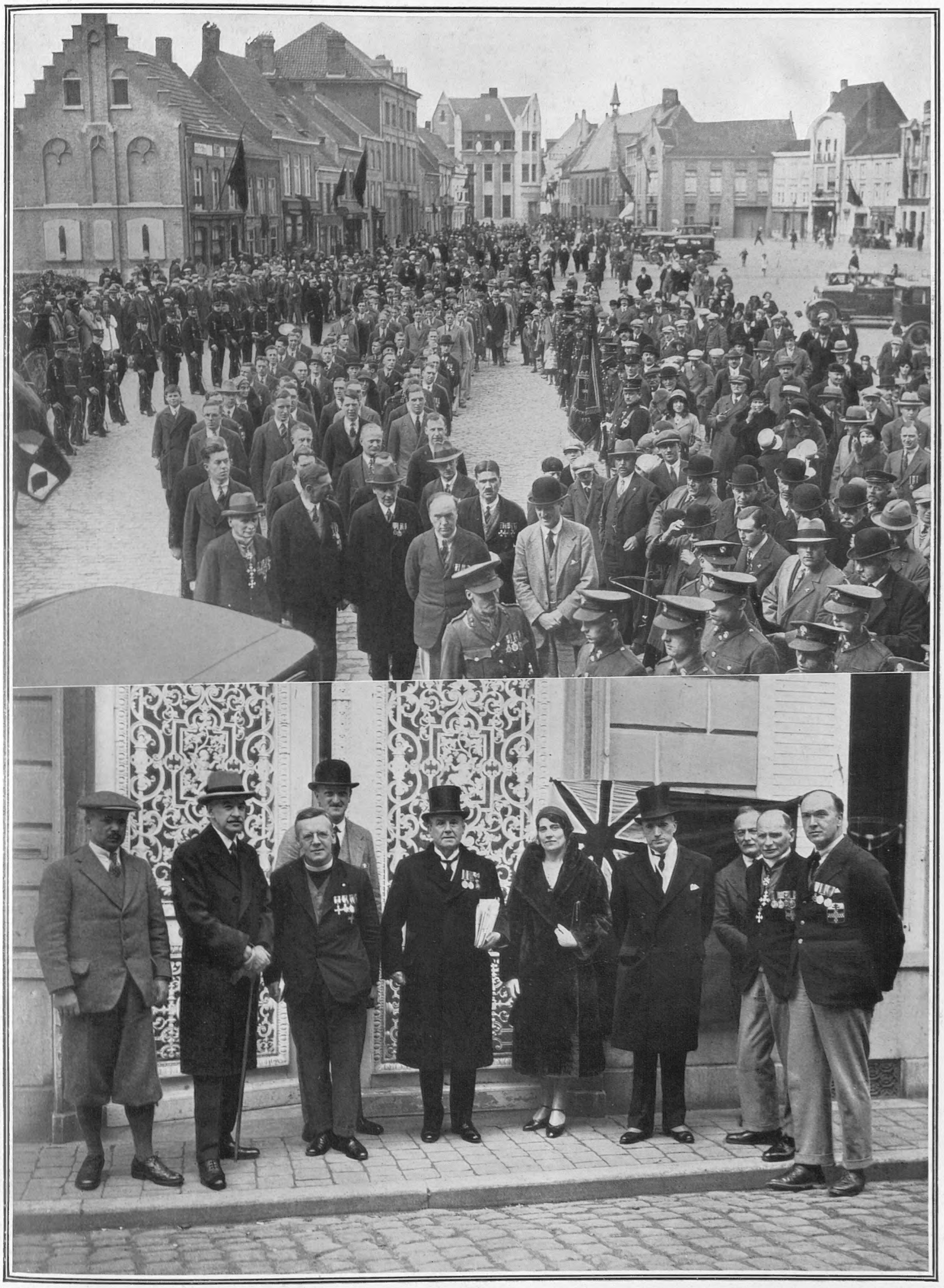
Thus there is an antagonism between the Jewish church and the Jewish stage such as we do not know between the English church and the English stage. Yet there may be more religious men in a Jewish audience than one beholds in a Christian one.

Jewish religion goes deep, and, incredible though it may seem, there are probably many among these shabby and unkempt and tough men who people the galleries and the pits of these Jewish playhouses, who turn secretly three times a day to the East and who mention the word Jerusalem three times daily in their silent and secret prayers.

Such are the Jewish players and such are the Jewish playgoers. When we beget in England a spirit such as theirs we shall not count the English drama as being dead.

The Jew en Famille: Josef Rosenblatt, a well-known Cantor and concert artist, is here seen celebrating his birthday together with his grandson. The celebration was in the form of a party at which the Cantor gave his young grandson, Richard Judas, his first singing lesson

"WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW, WE BAND OF BROTHERS"



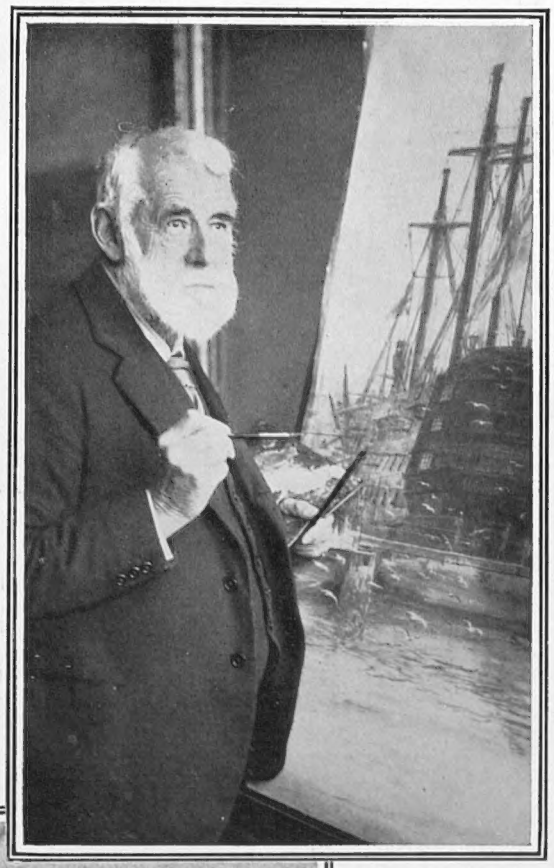
The Original "TOC H" Dedicated at POPERINGHE

On Easter Sunday the original "Toc H"—Talbot House, the birthplace of a movement grown world-wide—was dedicated. This edifice in Poperinghe saw in 1915 the inauguration of a club and rest centre by men returned from the trenches. It was christened Talbot House after a fallen officer, the son of the Bishop of Winchester. The title was subsequently abbreviated to "Toc H"—the telegraphic terminology of its initials. This original house (for there are now many branches of "Toc H") has been bought by Lord Wakefield of Hythe, and on Easter Sunday he opened his purchase, now a place of pilgrimage. Members of the world-wide organization of brotherhood are seen above, while below are, *from left to right*, Colonel Rae, General H. T. Hughes, General Sir Reginald May, the Rev. "Tubby" Clayton (the Guiding Genius of the movement), Lord Wakefield, Mrs. Tom, Mr. Tom (Consul-General for Belgium), Major Paul Slessor, and Dr. Leonard Brown who were present at the ceremony at Poperinghe.

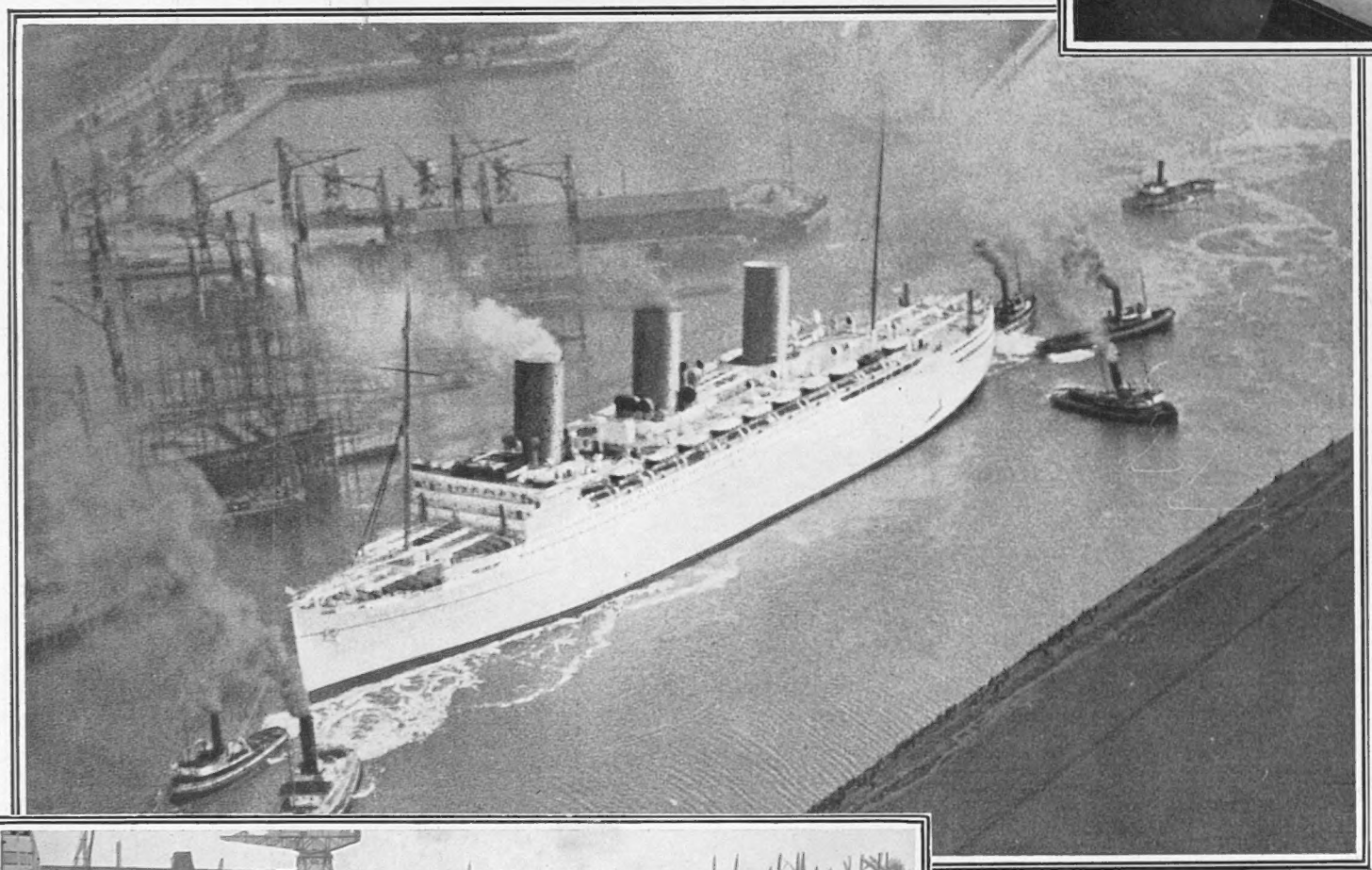
LATE NEWS OF THE WEEK

H.M.S. *BIDEFORD*, launched at Devonport by Miss Alice Brand, the sister of Admiral Sir Hubert Brand, Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth. She is a sloop carrying two guns and is of 1,105 tons displacement

MISS MARY MOORE in the character of Roxane in *Cyrano de Bergerac*. In private life this famous actress was Lady (Charles) Wyndham. She died at the age of seventy



THE PASSING OF A GREAT MARINE ARTIST: Mr. W. L. Wyllie, R.A., who died last week-end, with his picture of Nelson's *Victory*. Ever a lover of ships — Mr. Wyllie lived in Portsmouth — his work often appeared in "The Sphere" when he was still working for the Press



On left—An aerial picture of the new Canadian Pacific luxury liner, *Empress of Britain*, leaving Admiralty Yard, Clydebank, to undergo her trials before making her maiden trip to Quebec next month

READY FOR COWES: The yacht, *Britannia*, which has been overhauled from stem to stern in readiness for the season's racing. She is seen above leaving Marvin's Yard, where she was launched after her re-conditioning. It is nationally hoped that His Majesty will be adjudged by his physicians sufficiently well, after his present attack of sub-acute bronchitis, to enjoy his regular and favourite yachting holiday

A DOMINION LINK:

THE VICEROY-DESIGNATE, Lord Willingdon, leaves Victoria *en route* for India. Indian opinion in England is delighted with the appointment, and Indians resident in London evinced their pleasure by hanging floral wreaths about his neck while bidding him *bon voyage*

BRITISH OIL *for the* BRITISH NAVY:

A Burning Plea. By LANCELOT LAWTON

SMOKE FROM ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL: A scene during manœuvres

There are two outstanding reasons why oil from coal is a subject of immediate public importance—first, the benefit that such a process would confer upon the distressed coal industry; secondly, the imperative need for a home supply of oil for naval and military purposes.

Research of recent years has led to remarkable discoveries. Oil from coal is now technically realizable; of that there is no doubt. But is it economically feasible? Scientists of high reputation say that if the duty on imported oil were maintained, then oil from coal could be commercially successful. From this the assumption follows that if the State gave an assurance of the continuance of the duty for a period of years the necessary plant would be erected.

I believe that an easier solution than the one proposed is possible. My suggestion is that oil from coal should first be produced on a scale sufficient to meet naval requirements.

The circumstance must be taken into account that of late oil, in common with other commodities, has suffered from over-production. As a consequence, the prices of oil-products have been lowered. This decline will probably prove to be a passing phase. But in any estimation of the prospect of oil from coal, the possibility of reduction in the price of well-oil has to be reckoned with. To meet such possibility the duty on the imported product would have to be regulated on a sliding scale—a method that would encounter much opposition. On the other hand, it is certain that the extraction of oil from coal in large quantities would lead to the discovery of economies in the process, and that eventually the competitive power of coal-oil as against well-oil would be considerably strengthened. Everything then points to the need for manufacture in a plant of commercial dimensions. Here the question arises: What would be demanded of such plant? The answer is, in the beginning, a sufficiency of oil to satisfy all naval requirements. The method to be used would be hydrogenation in conjunction with low temperature carbonization.

If the import duty were not adjusted to prices, then an enterprise of the magnitude proposed would require at the outset State aid or a State guarantee in some form or other. The prospects are certainly sufficiently hopeful to justify an experiment of this nature. In the event of expectations being fulfilled and the process proving to be economically workable, extended application could be found for it in the production of oil for commercial as well as for naval purposes. The consequent gain to the coal industry would be enormous, whilst the steel and other industries would also benefit as a result of receiving orders for material requisite for the making of plant. But the fact of primary concern is that the Navy must have—I had nearly said, at all costs—a home supply of oil. This need was always pressing; to-day, owing to the changed political situation, it has become critical.

In 1910 the Navy consumed 1,452,000 tons of coal. At present it spends about £2,000,000 yearly on oil fuel and maintains a permanent reserve of this fuel to the value of about £10,000,000. It is difficult to obtain exact figures as to the quantity of oil annually consumed by the Navy, but I should think that it must he somewhere about 60,000 tons. It is also difficult to ascertain with accuracy the relative fuel values of oil and coal, the reason being that the ash content and heating capacity of coal vary. But on an average the heating value of oil is certainly double that of coal. For every ton of fuel oil imported two tons of British coal, if not more, are displaced. This fact proves clearly that the increasing use of oil is a serious menace to the welfare of the British coal industry. It also demonstrates the urgency of the need for converting large quantities of British coal into British oil.

What is now required is the erection of a plant capable of producing about 100,000 tons of oil; that is enough to meet the annual requirements of the Navy, leaving a surplus to go into reserve. I said earlier that in view of the changed political conditions such an undertaking is necessary for national defence. In order to substantiate this assertion I will describe briefly the circumstances which led the Navy to discard coal in favour of oil, and will add some explanation of the new situation that has arisen in the Middle East.

In 1912, Lord Fisher presided over a Royal Commission which was appointed to consider whether oil should replace coal as the fuel of the Fleet. The proceedings of the Commission were never published, but it was largely as a consequence of Lord Fisher's insistence that a decision was reached in favour of oil. It was also largely due to his initiative that two years later the Government invested £2,000,000 in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and thus secured a controlling interest in the undertaking. At that time he said, "We must do our d——st to get control of the Anglo-Persian Company, and keep it for all time as an absolutely British company." During the Great War the British naval and military forces consumed far more oil than Lord Fisher or anyone else could possibly have foreseen. The United States supplied 80 per cent. of the oil used by the Allies; had she not come to the rescue the whole of their war mechanism would have been brought to a standstill for want of suitable fuel. It is inconceivable that such a peril can be allowed to occur again, that foreign nations should have an opportunity of preparing plans with the knowledge that nothing has been done to ensure adequate oil supplies for this country. When Lord Fisher persuaded the Government to take a controlling interest in the Persian oilfields he was convinced, first, that they could supply the British Navy with all the fuel which it required; secondly, that the possibility of their being reached and attacked by a hostile Power was remote; thirdly, that the oil obtained from them could be safely conveyed across the seas. In view of the experience gained during the Great War not one of these conditions may be regarded as realizable. Lord Fisher's purpose to secure a safe source of oil supply for the Navy remains, therefore, entirely unfulfilled. Yet the need for such a source is much more compelling to-day than it was in his time.

The immediate neighbour of Persia is Soviet Russia, and it is a fact well known to all students of the Eastern European situation that Soviet Russia is making preparations for war. The Five Year Plan is not what most people believe it to be—a wholly peaceful project of development; it is primarily a plan to build up industries for war purposes. Some of the leaders in the Kremlin dream of the day when the Red Army and its allies shall stand upon the banks of the Rhine. Western Europe does not yet realize that Bolshevism is a reincarnation of Prussianism, only in a more sinister and fanatical form; that its purpose, as was that of Prussianism, is to subdue the world, and that no tyranny could be more vain and venomous than that exercised in the name of the mob and disguised as a dictatorship of the proletariat. Germany is the sphinx of the situation. On which side does she stand? Is she for European civilization or for Bolshevik barbarism?

History shows that attempts to subjugate the world come to grief. But it also shows that before they are thwarted much tribulation is caused. The Great War caught England unprepared. Is she to find herself in the same peril when the Bolshevik hordes attempt a repetition of Tartar descents upon Europe?

Here we return to the question of oil. At present the chief source of supply for the Navy is Masjid-i-Sulaiman, 150 miles from the Persian Gulf. The oil is conveyed through a trunk pipe line which traverses two ranges of hills and then stretches over 100 miles across the desert to Abadan, the refining centre on the coast. Powerful pumping stations have been constructed to force the oil over the mountains, and a network of pipe lines, the total length of which is about 500 miles, communicates with various parts of the great oil region. Obviously such a delicate and far-spreading mechanism would be particularly vulnerable to hostile raids both from land and air. In the event of war, conveyance of oil to the Persian coast would be not less hazardous than its transit across the seas to home ports.

Lastly, there is the political situation within Persia to be considered. Of the 30,000 persons employed in the oil region 25,000 are Persians. The diplomacy of Persia does not differ from that of former times. It aims at maintaining friendly relations both with Soviet Russia and England, at the same time striving to play off one Power against the other.

Much could be written of the oil possibilities in Northern Persia and in Mesopotamia and of the friction to which they have given rise amongst the nations. I merely mention them because I wish to demonstrate that the development of a home supply of oil from coal would be not merely a self-protective measure as against the contingency of war, but a real service to the cause of peace.

It remains to be said that the original value of the shares of the British Government in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has appreciated to the extent of many millions. From a financial point of view, therefore, the investment has proved to be an excellent one. But it has not and cannot fulfil the purpose for which it was made. It amounts, therefore, to nothing more nor less than State participation in a commercial venture. I suggest that the Government should sell out its oil shares and invest the proceeds in plant for the conversion of coal into oil, thus ensuring the Navy a home supply of liquid fuel.

A battleship has a maximum oil-carrying capacity of about 4,000 tons. The battleships *Nelson* and *Rodney* (45,000 h.p.; 23 knots) carry normal 400 tons of oil; maximum 3,750 tons. Consumption at full speed 16 tons per hour; at cruising speed 2.7 tons per hour

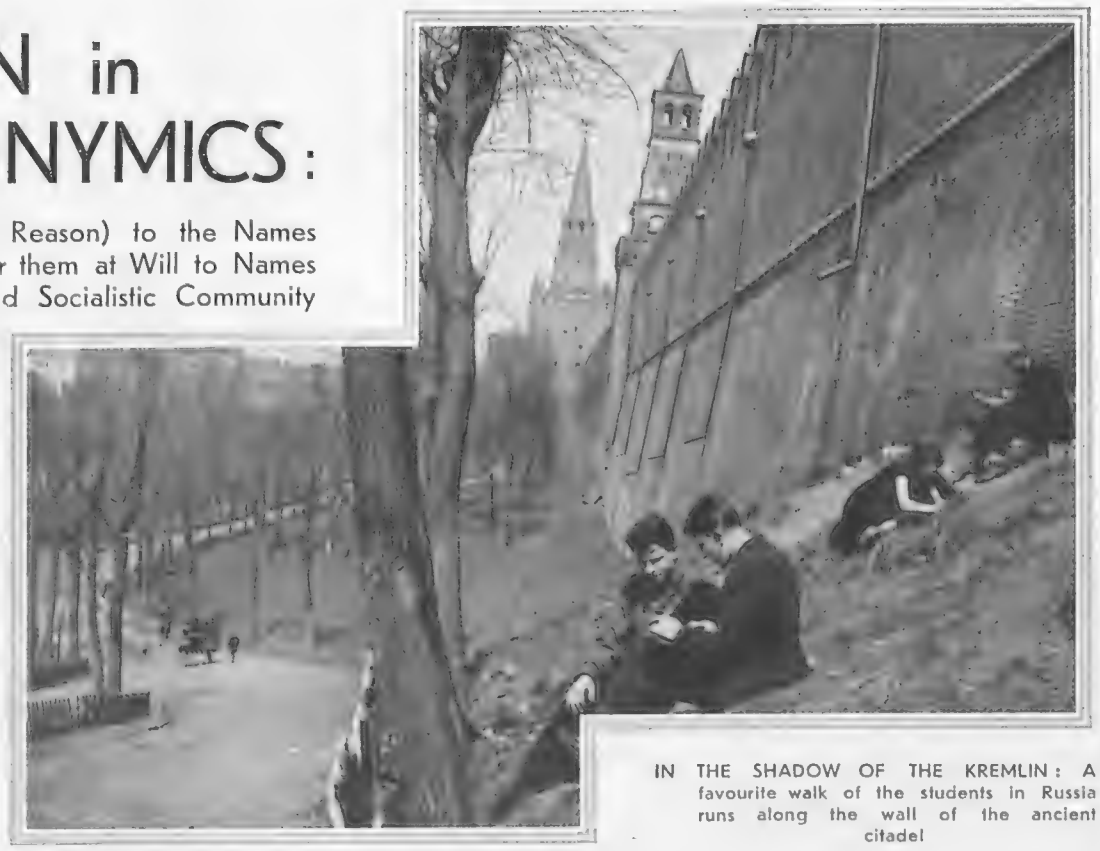
The battle cruisers *Repulse* and *Renown* (110,000 s.h.p.; 35 knots) carry normal 1,000 tons of oil; maximum 4,200 tons; have consumed at full speed about 1,400 tons per day

80 lbs. of oil is the consumption for the development of 100 h.p.

A REVOLUTION in PATRONYMICS:

Russians, Objecting (with Some Reason) to the Names with which they were Born, Alter them at Will to Names More Suited to an Atheistic and Socialistic Community

By ALBERT PARRY



IN THE SHADOW OF THE KREMLIN: A favourite walk of the students in Russia runs along the wall of the ancient citadel

Moscow.

The anti-religious campaign in Soviet Russia finds its reflection in name changing, among other phenomena of the post-revolutionary period. There were in Russia, at the beginning of the Revolution, many persons whose family names showed their descent from the clergy or pious parishioners. With the growth of the atheistic ideal in the Soviet State, these people began to change to names "churchless" enough to ward off any unwelcome curiosity as to their ancestry or present beliefs. Some of them were eager to demonstrate their radical views and loyalty to the new order, and accordingly they adopted names of revolutionary sound and atheistic flair.

Thus, the Moscow *Izvestia* carries the public notice of a Diakonoff declaring that he changes his old name, with its broad hint that there was a deacon among his forefathers, to Svetloff. The new name is symbolic, for it has Svet (light) as its root. A deacon's offspring saw the light! Another advertiser declares that he changes his name of Pokrovsky to Iskrinsky. Now, in Russia, Pokrov is the folk name for the feast of the Intercession of the Holy Virgin, while Iskra, the root of Iskrinsky, means spark, and is hallowed among the revolutionaries as the name of Lenin's early organization and newspaper.

Citizeness Vladichenskaya is aware of the fact that her name is derived from Vladika, which means Lord, and is used both as God's appellation and as a title of the high clergy. Accordingly she changes to the common and harmless Ivanova, which can be translated into English as Johns.

In the same issue of *Izvestia* we find the notice of a husband, wife, and daughter named Preobrazhensky that are thereafter to be known as Gradoff. Their old name was derived from the name of the feast of the Transfiguration; their new name is derived from the word Hail, and has, to an average Russain intellectual, a sound of poetic fury and dynamics.

There is in Eastern Siberia a town, Blagoveshchensk, named after the Day of Annunciation or Lady Day, and the Soviets have not as yet found it necessary to rename it in honour of any hero or event of the Revolution. But Citizen Blagoveshchensky finds it imperative to change it for Horn, which in Russia has the double meaning of a sonorous bugle and a blazing furnace; the last, especially, has a symbolic meaning in the country forging a new order in the fires.

Another Blagoveshchensky found it sufficient to abbreviate to Blagoff with its apparent meaning of Goodness. Citizen and Citizeness Sretensky want to get rid of their name reminding one of Candlemas Day or the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary; forthwith they become Ozeroff, which means nothing more offensive that People of the Lake.

The Bolsheviks have not as yet revolutionized the old religious name of Ivanovo-Voznessensk, the textile centre, but Citizen Voznessensky knows that his name sprang from Voznessnie, which is Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day; in the thirteenth year of the Revolution he gathers strength to reject his name for that of Gorsky, which can be translated as Man of the Mountains; the new name has the same feeling of height as the old one.

Archangelsk or Archangel, the Soviet Russian port in the north, still carries its Biblical name undisturbed by the Bolsheviki, but Citizen Archangelsky wants to be on the safe side; he protects himself with the new name of Barbashin, taken perhaps from the locality from which he comes.

Many a Soviet worker has found it advisable to change his name, says the author of this article

MODERN TYPES OF SOVIET CITIZENS, listen with reverent attention to the Gospel according to St. Lenin

Bogorodsky feels that the origin of his name is Bogoroditza, or the Holy Virgin; he hastens to transform it into Zorin, which springs from Zoria or Zaria, meaning dawn.

Bogospasaieff can be translated into the English as god-saving; it can no longer be tolerated by its bearer, who changes this name to Baratoff, a fine-sounding name of no particular meaning but beloved by Russian actors; Rabin feels that his name implies his descent from a rabbi; he changes to Roben. Christopher switches to the safe Alexander.

The Soviet law allows every citizen dissatisfied with his name to adopt a new one by registering the change in the local Zags, or the bureau where births, marriages, divorces, and deaths are usually entered, and later inserting an advertisement in the Moscow *Izvestia*, the central organ of the Soviet Government, calling upon any citizens who object to the change to voice their protest.

Needless to say such protests rarely occur. In Russia no one is proud of his name, unless it happens to be particularly illustrious in the annals of the Revolution. However, what ordinary Soviet citizen will have the cheek to call himself Lenin or Stalin?

Of non-religious names those are most frequently changed that have the general meaning of offence, scorn, or too much humour. Zhulikoff changes to Dmitrieff (Dmitry was his father's given name) because Zhulik means thief. Another Zhulikoff changes to Zvetkoff, or flowers. Citizen Durakoff dislikes the root of his name, which means fool; he changes it to Lensky, which is not only the name of a hero in Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, but also reminds one of the Siberian river Lena, famous in the history of the Revolution, and is close in sound to the great name, Lenin.

Kholueff and Kholuenkoff feel that Kohlui, or Servant-Scoundrel, the root of their names, is out of date and place in the Soviet Union. They change their names to Moriakoff, or Sailors, and other names that show their honest labours. Lakeyeff, sensing that there was a lackey among his sires, changes it to Ilyinsky, which is rather close to Ilyich, the well-known patronymic of Lenin.

Citizeness Shvaleva is indignant at the suggestion of junk in her name; she changes her name to a less offensive one. Citizen Lakhmotkin is impatient with the implication of rags contained in his name; he changes it to the lyrical Liroff. Citizen Borodavko is perhaps sullen when he sees smiles at the suggestion of wart in his name; he changes it to Miroff, which is both a man of the world and a man of peace. Shishkin was the name of a famous Russian painter of sylvan scenes, but a Soviet citizen of the same name knows that its root means swelling, and so he changes to the same popular Lensky.

Many names in Old Russia had frankly erotic meanings. They are, of course, among the first to be changed under the new order when name changing is made easy. We will cite here the most modest of the love names and their new substitutes: Citizen Bezbabny, or No-Girls, wants to change to Chapligin, perhaps after his birthplace; Bobileff, or Lonesome Male, changes to Dnieproff, after the Ukrainian River; Samitzoff, or Male of the Species, changes to Smirnoff, or Quiet Man; Semidevkin, or Seven Girls, to Pavloff or Paul.

Changes of baptismal names are even more frequent in present-day Russia. Revolutionary names are given to the new-born in far greater number than such names are adopted by the grown-up.

SOVIET

Propaganda Pictures

HELPING THE FIVE YEAR PLAN: A young girl from Georgia engaged in the mechanical assembling department of the Stalingrad Tractor Plant—one of the great hives of industry that have sprung up in South Russia under the terrific drive inaugurated to push to a triumphant completion the much-heralded Five Year Plan, which, so ardent Sovietists hope, will be completed in four years

THE FUR ATTACK: A moment during the International Fur Auction held at Leningrad. Foreign buyers are seen viewing the pelts. The Russo-German caption states that the financial results of the auction were "entirely satisfactory." *Above*—THE RADIO IN RUSSIA: A speaker from Kasakstan broadcasting at the Children's Hour

WORKING IN THE STALINGRAD PLANT: A young Kalmukian Communist, termed a "shock brigade worker," in the turning plant

ON TEST: One of the tractors emanating from the Stalingrad plant is tested before delivery to the farm that is its destination

REVOLUTIONA

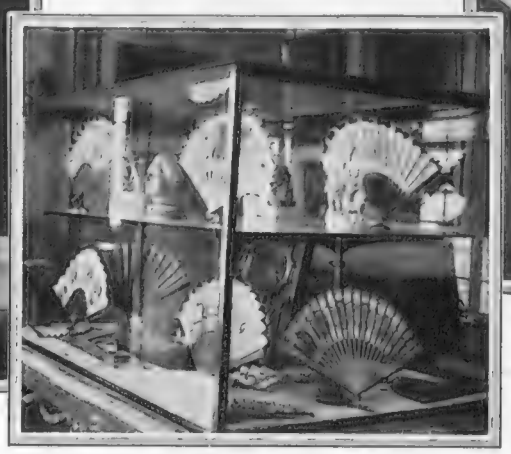
Newly-opened Rooms Devoted to the Peri
Pangs of Modern France at t

WHERE SAT THE HERO OF TWO WORLDS: The armchair of General the Marquis de Lafayette, the great Liberal statesman who was yet a Royalist devoted to the Queen

REVOLUTIONARY: The furniture of the g room at the Carnavalet Museum. The somew were popular designs of the period. In the was yet a pat

FIGHTING UNDER THE TRICOLOR: The headgear of a Revolutionary soldier. The men who, under Dumouriez, fought the coalesced Kings of Europe (against whom, in the words of Danton, as gage of battle, the head of a king was thrown) were equipped with headgear of this type

THE BONNET ROUGE: The (Phrygian) cap of liberty, as worn by the Sansculottes, set against chestnut leaves



RELICS OF THE ILL-FATED MARIE-ANTOINETTE: These gracious fans typify the exquisite culture burned to ashes by the flame of the great Revolution

"THE SEA-GREEN INCORRUPTIBLE": M milien Robespierre, whose Puritanism had atheistic twist and whose republicanism w ruthless and remorseless

Within the Renaissance building of the Hot Carnavalet, constructed by Pierre Lescot and ornamente with the sculpture of Goujon, Madame de Sevigné live for twenty years of the seventeenth century. To-day,

RY RELICS

of the Terror, and the Birth
Carnavalet Museum, Paris

epoch 1789–1800 is typically depicted in this
stiff chairs and couch and the elegant desk
ground is a portrait of the revolutionist who
Jacques Danton

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE FIRST REPUBLIC: It reads: "The Republic, one and indivisible" Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—or "Death"

"THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE": Jean Paul Marat who, in his own phrase, could "sniff an *aristo.*" In spite of his hideous reputation, he had elements of both humour and humanity

RELICS OF LOUIS SEIZE: A few objects retained in memory of the most inert and yet courageous King in French history—one who should have been by birth, as he was by choice, a locksmith

AN EXTANT LEGACY OF THE REVOLUTION: The invention of the excellent Dr. Guillotin which enjoyed its greatest "popularity" at the era of its invention, when Samson was its manipulator

is a storehouse devoted in large measure to the period of the Revolution, although there are housed within it relics of the Roman occupation, relics of the Moyen age, and relics even of 1870. Several new rooms have recently been opened.

With the Zigeuners of Europe

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

"ZIGEUNER": A typical Gipsy at her own front door in Germany

There is an old Gipsy proverb which says "When you cut a Gipsy in ten pieces you have not killed him, you have only made ten Gipsies." One cannot help thinking that there must be some kind of queer, fantastic truth in this saying when one reads about the endless wanderings of the Gipsy tribes, the famine and pestilence, the massacres and persecutions which time and again reduced their ranks, but from which they always seemed to emerge with undiminished vigour, and in still greater numbers. It has been said that they are not a martial race, and yet they have a gay and gallant courage, they would walk to their death with a brave swagger, a laughing defiance, they would dance and sing with tears in their heart, and smile in the face of disaster.

To read the Saga of the Gipsies is to read a story which leaves one always guessing, for no one yet has been able to say with any real and definite knowledge what is the origin of their race, and, though many theories have been put forward, they are all more or less based on surmise and conjecture. A German tradition has it they come from Little Egypt and are doomed to eternal wandering because they turned away the Virgin and Child who sought refuge in their country. Another legend, originating in Hungary, declares that they come from Asia Minor and were cursed because a band of their people passing by the Cross stole the robe of the Saviour. There is too, still another story telling of a band of Roman soldiers, who, having received the order to crucify Christ, went to a Jewish blacksmith and commanded him to forge them four strong nails; but when the man heard for what purpose these were wanted he refused to do the work and was struck down and killed by the soldiers. Two other blacksmiths, refusing to obey the soldiers, shared the same fate, but at last a Gipsy was found who agreed to carry out the work for a large sum of money. And then, when three nails were done and the fourth was still red hot on the anvil, the ghosts of the three murdered blacksmiths appeared and cursed the Gipsy for lending himself to such a deed. Terrified, the Roman soldiers fled with the three nails, and the Gipsy found to his horror that, though he poured water and ashes and sand on the red hot nail left behind, it still continued to burn and glow with an unholy fire, and seized at last with a panic fear, he packed up his belongings and left the district. But wherever he went, and in whatever country he tried to set up his craft, that glowing, red hot nail always followed him so that he could never find rest or peace. This is why, the legend says, Christ was crucified with His two feet bound together, and why the Gipsies are a homeless folk who can never stay long in one place.

Whatever the reason of their continued nomadic existence, maybe it is an undeniable fact that any attempt to curtail their liberty always fails, for again and again edicts have been brought out ordering them to live in houses and to conform to the regular habits of orderly citizens, and again and again they have eluded the vigilance of guards and police and sought the freedom of the open road once more. Even to-day it is said that they are leaving Russia in their thousands because the Bolshevik rulers expect them to recognize the laws of the Soviet, and are trying to force them to obedience and submission.

No Gipsy ever understood laws or complied with decrees and conventions; they are essentially a people who will always be defaulters, always be mutinous, wantons, rebels against authority and discipline. They are a people who have a strange power of second sight, who have a hidden knowledge of herbs and balsams, of charms and witchcraft. They have a fantastic and incredible belief in curses and incantations, in the influence of animals for good or evil, in the secret power of blood ties. A Gipsy wedding is full of strange ceremonies and rites; a pitcher is broken because it is said that the union will be happy as long as the broken pieces are not joined together, a cut is made in the left wrist of the man and the right wrist of the woman and their hands are joined together so that the blood may mingle and join them in an insoluble bond. Many other blood ties there are in the Gipsy creed, and to break a bond of blood brotherhood is an unforgivable crime and one that calls for a relentless vengeance. When a Gipsy dies food is placed on his grave, all his belongings are burnt, and very often his widow is forbidden to wash herself until his body is completely disintegrated. Though very often they have been accused of setting fire to haylofts and barns, this is a crime no true Gipsy would willingly commit, because to do so would most certainly bring him bad luck and ill-health, and according to a Gipsy belief a fire can only be caused by three things—lightning, witches, or the spells of animals in league with an evil demon. On the day of St. George they catch a spider and throw it into the stove chanting, "Fire of the lightning, Fire of animals, Fire of witches, You must not come here, You must stay there, You are swift, But the spider is swifter, She will catch you, She will hold you, She will bind you, So wills it Mary, the Blessed Virgin.

The Egyptians were known for their occult knowledge and the name Gipsy, Gitano in Spanish, Gypthos in Greek, seems to be derived from Egyptian, but the most usual name for the Gipsies in Central Europe is Czigan, varied to Tsigan in Bulgarian, Tzigan in Russian, Zingari in Italian, Zigeuner in German. This is said to be derived from Atzigan, a tribe of Asia Minor, who were known for their power of sorcery and spells and had such strict rules of purity that they were afraid of being defiled by contact with other tribes and were called "Athinganis"—Touch-me-nots.

The name Rom or Romni, which the Gipsies use among themselves is said by Miklosisch—the great authority—to come from Dom, a low caste tribe of Upper India.

It was only in 1417 that the Gipsies were first seen in Germany, and in 1427 a band of them, led by twelve feudal lords clad in scarlet and mounted on horseback, appeared at the gates of Paris with letters of safe conduct from the Emperor Sigismund. Their thieving habits and the belief that they had the Evil Eye soon however made them unpopular in the countryside and both in France and in Germany they were treated with the utmost cruelty, hunted from place to place, tortured, condemned to death. In 1726 the Emperor Charles-VI issued an Edict ordering all the men to be hanged and the women to have their ears cut off and to be flogged through the streets; and a hundred years later Gipsy hunts were still considered a recognized form of sport amongst the nobility of Germany, and not till 1850 did the laws become more humane. In Spain they found a firmer footing, and there are big settlements at Granada, Seville and Cordova, but the Gitanos of Spain, who are the most beautiful perhaps of all their race, are proud, and say they come from ancient Egypt and are superior to the Cziganes of the Balkan Peninsula.

Macedonia, Rumania, Hungary, and Russia, these are essentially the lands of the Gipsies; they were known along the shores of the Danube long before the Magyars came, and there are Czigane horse dealers on the great Hungarian plains, Czigane blacksmiths in every little village, and a Czigane fiddler in every wine house. Just a wandering black-eyed, dark-skinned man with a violin, and yet able to weave a spell of magic that is indescribable. Playing over a camp fire on a summer evening with the blue smoke rising into the still air; playing in some small crowded road house, with strings of scarlet paprika hung on the walls and the air thick with the smell of garlic, of wine and dust and humanity; playing at some smart, fashionable restaurant in Buda Pesth, the magic will be the same, a magic that will make even the most sluggish blood turn to fire, even the most lethargic tap their feet in time to the mad, intoxicating rhythm. Some of these men who have started life just as wandering fiddlers have attained fame and wealth and enormous power. There was Bihori, for instance, who appeared before the Emperor of Austria in 1825, and so bewitched the daughter of the Empress of Russia that he had to be told not to look at the young Grand Duchess while he was playing. And there was Barleaza, known as the Gold Fiddler, because it was claimed that only gold pieces were ever flung into his violin when he had finished playing. He was eventually killed by a drunken young nobleman who flung him a handful of copper and silver and bade him pick it up and, when the old man proudly refused, shot him dead with his revolver.

Russia is perhaps the only country where until now the Gipsies have never been persecuted; every Russian town has always had its settlement of Cziganes, every Russian fair has its Czigane tight-rope walker, bear leader, or juggler. All the Russian folk songs and fairy tales are full of Gipsy lore, and many of the noble families have a strain of Gipsy blood in their veins. In the Balkans it is the men with their violins who are the musicians, but in Russia it is chiefly the female choirs which are famous. At first perhaps one may find this form of music almost repellent for the voices are untrained, harsh, and nasal, and the women, sitting in a circle or on a straight row of chairs, seem lifeless, almost apathetic in their expressionless calm. Gradually however one falls under the spell of those wild, fathomless melodies; gradually the music of those strange, guttural voices steals over one; gradually one forgets those motionless women with their dark-skinned faces, their thick dresses and crudely coloured shawls; gradually one looses oneself in a rhythm that sweeps one along, in a melancholy that is abysmal, in a gaiety that is the very essence of joy.

These singing women with their expressionless faces, the dark-eyed man with his violin who follows a dancing couple round the room, or, at some whispered command, plays very close to a woman's ear, bringing the warm blood to her cheeks and fire to her eyes . . . they have perhaps never learnt the theory of harmony, the technique of orchestration and counterpoint, but music is born in them, a divine power, that has to be expressed. All the soul of a wandering, homeless people lies in this music, the sadness of good-byes, the careless philosophy that meets death with a laugh and a song.

THE SONG OF THE GUITAR: Spanish Gipsies in a setting uniting the romance of both the nomadic nation and old Spain

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS *the* WORLD

GANDHI speaks to a mammoth meeting on the banks of the Sabarmati when he explained to his followers the Delhi pact and adjured them to honour it

THE FIRST AIR GIRLS OF JAPAN: Eight girls, all under the age of twenty years, selected from 150 candidates, underwent the second test for being the first "Air-girls" in Japan. They experienced their first flight in a hydro-passenger 'plane over Tokio Bay, starting from Nakajima Aerodrome, Sudzugamori, a Tokio suburb, and were examined by Dr. Yoshinobu Terashi for physical fitness after the flight. Three of them will have the honour of being the first "Air-girls of Japan," serving tea and explaining the scenery below on the Tokio-Shimoda-Shimidzu Passenger Service Line of the Japan Air Transport Co., which was inaugurated on April 1st. The names of the three girls were afterwards announced from the Head Office of the Japan Air Transport Co., at Hobgoch, Shiba, Tokyo. They are the Misses Masako Wada, nineteen years old; Yukiko Kudo, aged eighteen, and Yeiko Motoyama, aged nineteen, and are all graduates of Girls High Schools of Tokio and Yokohama—proof positive of the high general standard of Japanese education

TO MAKE WAY FOR THE STRESEMANN MEMORIAL: The old fortress at Mainz is to be demolished to make place for the memorial to the great peace-maker—a fitting and symbolical site

A VOICE FROM ENGLAND: The reading of the message of Lord Rothermere to the people of Hungary on the Day of National Freedom

ARCTIC WEATHER FOR THE ARCTIC SUBMARINES: Heavy snows falling on the Nautilus as two tugs convey it from its berth at the Camden Navy Yard to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the official christening took place. It is well that the submarine should be inured to wintry weather, for its journey through the Polar ice seems to the layman rather a subject for Vernesque romance than for actuality

BEAUTY IN MARBLE: A design by Signor Marcello Piacentini, the distinguished Roman architect. The yellow marble comes from Siena, green from Belgium, the rose-red from the quarry whence the Duomo of Milan was built

THE STATELINESS OF ITALY: An angle in the dining-room in the house in Grosvenor Street of the Marchese and Marchesa Malacrida. The *décor* is the work of Olivetti, the *nom-de-commerce* of the Marchesa. All details in this room are severely in period

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A corner of the music-room in the house of Herr Hugo Simon, built and decorated to his order by the noted German art dealer, Paul Cassirer

BEAUTY *in the* HOME

Three Lovely Interiors from Three Mansions in Three European Capitals

A Special Home Section of "The Sphere" is incorporated in this issue, starting on page 38

FLOWERS IN THE HOME

From the Painting by
H. DAVIS RICHTER, R.I., R.O.I.
entitled
"A SUMMER PICKING"

The mode of the moment in interior decoration is the single flower picture on the wall and the single vase of flowers in the room. The single splash of colour, modern in treatment, is far more arresting than a diffusion of blossoms, both in art and life. The painting, "A Summer Picking," by H. Davis Richter (reproduced above) is a typical example of the vivid floral paintings of the moment: digitalis, geum, variegated pink, ranunculus, Canterbury bell, myosotis, cornflower, form a multi-coloured and fragrant group to grace any home

The foxglove, with its stately bells
Of purple, shall adorn thy dells;
The wallflower, on each rifted rock,
From liberal blossoms shall breathe down
(Gold blossoms frecked with iron-brown)
Its fragrance; while the hollyhock,
The pink, and the carnation vie
With lupin and with lavender,
To decorate the fading year;
And larkspurs, many-hued, shall drive
Gloom from the groves, where red leaves lie,
And Nature seems but half alive.

D. M. Moir—
"The Birth of the Flowers"
—St. 14

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THE PERPETUAL PHANTASMAGORIA OF LONDON

NO NEED TO CLAP YOUR HANDS: Fairies spring to life and dance round the statue of the greatest advocate for belief in these enchanting and enchanted beings, Peter Pan, in Kensington Gardens

POMPEII IN LONDON: Classic columns and Roman *décor* stand out gaunt against the night sky—two views of the demolition of the Hotel Cecil

LONDON'S WIDEST THOROUGHFARE: Euston Road bids fair, now it has been so greatly reconstructed, to rival Portland Place for this title

DEMOLITION *IN EXCELSIS*: This picture and that inset above on left show the extraordinary scenes during the demolition of the Hotel Cecil, in the Strand. The picture above shows Cecil Chambers (which front on to the Strand) as seen from the Embankment side of the new site; the furnace chimney has long remained coyly hidden from millions who have passed down the Strand. The picture below shows the view from the Strand side of the site

WHEN THE

Moving Moments from Many

AT THE OLD BERKELEY POINT-TO-POINT: Sir Richard Cruise, the King's optician, chats to Mrs. Roy Gaskell just before the Ladies' Race at the function held at Kimble

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP: A general view showing some of the competitors in what was one of those run during the Pytchley Hunt and Army Point-to-

PARTING COMPANY: Mr. Cotterell leaves Mrs. P. Dunne's *Burma II* while the Duke of Norfolk keeps his seat on Lady Castlederg at the Household Brigade military meeting at Hawthorn Hill

IN THE COLDSTREAM PLATE: A group at the Household Brigade Military Meeting at is on the ou

STAGE AND TURF: Mr. Carl Brisson chats to his jockey, E. Kershaw, who rode the former's *Rosewind* in the Moorgate Handicap at Northolt Park Races

THE FIRST JUMP in the Scots Guards Challenge Cup (won by General Paynter mounted on *Tell Tale II*) in the Household Brigade Military Meeting held at Hawthorn Hill, the delightful course near Maidenhead

A NASTY TOSS: Mrs. Roy Gaskell was badly Point meet held at Kimble near Wendover. T popular events in such competitions. The freq hard-riding events as these Point-to-

E TURF FLIES

Many Exciting Amateur Meetings

ng some of the field in the race taking a jump to cross the road. The race rmy Point-to-Point Steeplechases held at Great Brington, Northants

: A group of runners take the last jump in this item Meeting at Hawthorn Hill. *Weedon II*, the winner, is on the outside left

ell was badly thrown at the Old Berkeley Hunt Point-to-Vendover. The Ladies' Races form one of the most ns. The frequent participation of the gentler sex in such hese Point-to-Points is a phenomenon of to-day

SUNLIGHT IN THE APRIL WOODLANDS: A woodman thinning out the beech trees in Ashridge Park, the Hertfordshire beauty spot

THE JOHN PEEL PACK: The meet of the Blencathra Foxhounds at Walla Crag on the shores of Derwentwater. The followers are all on foot as they hunt the most mountainous part of the Lake District. The pack is the original John Peel pack, famous for its hounds. The picture above shows the digging-out of the fox in Barrow Wood

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

COMMERCIAL ANSCHLUSS. — Big Germany, with sixty odd millions of Germans and little Austria with six and a half millions, mostly Germans, have come to the very sensible decision to level the tariff wall between the two Germanic countries, Europe's first "Zollverein," or Customs Union. It is possibly a practical and daring initial step towards the inevitable "Anschluss" of Austria to Germany, perhaps even the foundation-stone of the economic United States of Europe.

The first news of the agreement between Berlin and Vienna was what the newspapers call a "bombshell." It was a real surprise. Somehow the Secret Intelligence Services of different powers, which are supposed to know everything, were very much asleep. Uproar in various European Chancelleries, but somehow much of that uproar had a hollow sound. It seemed to reveal that not a few people were glad that somebody had done something besides talking platitudes, or had done something without first talking about it at all. To a Europe wearied to utter boredom by enunciation of noble principles, constant reiteration of beautiful phrases, statements of what ought to be done but is never undertaken, this Austro-Germanic "sensation" came as a not-unpleasant change.

COUNT KOUDENHOVE-KALERGI, who has for years been agitating for a "United States of Europe"

Vienna is the birthplace of the idea of Pan-Europe — that is, the U.S.E. It was conceived in that blend of East and West, the brain of the half Japanese, half-Austrian Count Koudenhove-Kalergi. Erroneously credit is often given to the French Foreign Minister, Aristide Briand, who later made the idea his own, with modifications. But the original inspiration is that of Count Koudenhove-Kalergi. It is therefore quite appropriate that the move towards Austro-German economic union should have gone out from Vienna and Berlin.

Herr Bruening, the Catholic Prelate Chancellor of Germany, and Dr. Johann Schober, former Chief of Police in Vienna, now Austrian Vice-Chancellor and Foreign Minister, are unperturbed by diplomatic *démarches* and protests. No one will deliver a war-like ultimatum because Germany and Austria have taken a practical step towards improving their own economic conditions by means of levelling tariff walls. They may even have imitators.

FRANCE IN NORTH AFRICA.—France's twenty-year-old war against the fiercely freedom-loving Moors and Berbers in the High Atlas Mountains of Southern Morocco, is slowly drawing to a close. The world has heard little of this war, if such it can be called, except in romantic novels of the Foreign Legion, like *Beau Geste*. Occasionally a few lines in Paris newspapers record an ambush of a detachment of Legionaries, or a skirmish with dissident tribesmen. As the Legionaries are chiefly foreign mercenaries, about one half of the Legion being composed of Germans, no one is much interested in the casualties, which, since the end of the Riff war in Northern Morocco, have not been great.

I am writing this from the lower slopes of the High Atlas. Below me, the vast plains—green, flowered, fragrant and fertile from the winter rains. Soon the scorching summer sun will burn it brown and arid. Above me, majestic peaks crowned with eternal snows, glittering against the turquoise sky. A vivid rainbow delicately tints the mountains gleaming spectrally in the opal phosphorescence of the dying day. Marrakesh, the "Red City" smoulders with ruby light in the splendour of the flaming west. Some 90,000 starry palms transformed from green through gold to black silhouettes, as lights from the minarets begin to gem the cloak of night.

Heavy rains had caused landslides in the mountains, sweeping away sections of the road, barring the way to the southern edge of the Atlas.

The French, since occupying Marrakesh in 1912, have characterized their campaign for the subjugation of the Moors and Berbers in the Atlas as "peaceful penetration." Behind the point of that "penetration," more often than not, has been the Foreign Legion. The Legion has carried the French Tricolor in the Sahara to Lake Chad, to Timbuctoo, and farther south to the borders of British Nigeria. And now that Legion, the last and most romantically idealized military formation of soldiers of fortune left in the world, is making its "last stand" in the Grand Atlas Mountains. "Last stand" in the sense that it may be the last serious job of the Legion in Africa, unless there is, one day in the distant future, a reawakening of the Arab world.

With no more fighting, only monotonous garrison duty, with the disappearance of adventure and romance—the great lures to the Foreign Legion—that unique organization of soldiers of fortune who have carved out a vast empire for France under the blazing sun of North Africa, may slowly disappear.

Within another year, perhaps within a few months, the entire Grand Atlas in Southern Morocco, among the most picturesque mountains I have seen, will be safe for the tourist. On the southern slopes there are still "Zones of Insecurity," into which occasional raids are made by dissident tribesmen and into which sections you may penetrate only with military permission. There are points beyond which motor cars are not insured against being taken by raiders.

From Colomb Béchar, south-westward through the Atlas and foothills to the Atlantic near Agadir, stretches a chain of military posts chiefly garrisoned by the Foreign Legion. Like the Romans, the French have been great road-builders, in North Africa and deep into the Sahara. Steadily the military posts are advanced, the dissidents subjugated or pushed farther south. Except for a particularly difficult corner of the Atlas Mountains south-west of Colomb Béchar, cleft by dark ravines and deep gulches, admirably adapted to ambush and guerilla warfare, and an occasional raid on the southern slopes of Marrakesh, the Atlas are now free of those Moors and Berbers who still persist in refusing to acknowledge French rule in the guise of suzerainty of the Sultan of Morocco, who resides in Rabat.

LIFE IN MOROCCO.—The High Atlas, towering up to 14,000 ft., are amongst the most scenic and romantic mountains, but as yet little visited by tourists. Chiefs of the important tribes live in feudal fashion in great fortress-like *kasbahs*, with high, thick walls, towers, and ramparts. Some of them resemble European castles of the middle ages. Many villages are walled as protection against raiders and attack in inter-tribal wars before the French came. Life there is to-day just as it was hundreds of years ago. The emancipation of woman has not yet penetrated Southern Morocco. Caids, sheikhs, rich men can still have all the wives the law allows—that is four; but in addition many possess numerous concubines who are little more than slaves. The "high cost of wives" has not yet penetrated the Atlas Mountains as a consequence of world economic depression.

THE CHINESE MADONNA.—Spirited controversy between two Chinese literary lights on "The Chinese Madonna in the Making," offers a most illuminating side-light on that aspect of progress, attempted or achieved, in awakening China. Few Easterners are sufficiently conversant with, or interested enough in current conditions there, to realise how quickly China is going to mean something politically, economically, and culturally, to our civilization, or of the significance of the fact that the celestial impress will be backed by 50,000,000 man-power.

The attitude of Mr. V. T. Bang-chou, impossible a few years ago, and startling enough for a Chinese even now, reveals the new and spreading psychology. Following sarcastic and scathing criticism of conservative Mr. Sun Chin-hsiang's intolerant outburst in the "China Critic," progressive Mr. V. T. Bang-chou, roused to scorn, replies with forceful logic, shewing himself a sample of the far-sighted and intelligent personalities whom modern China can spring upon the world.

Mr. Sun, typical die-hard even if he does live more than 7,000 miles away from England, deplores "the countless and ever-increasing number of domestic tragedies and matrimonial failures" which he attributes to the women, and their desire to be educated and self-supporting. He goes much farther than the ordinary anti-feminist ranter, and interprets this feminine ambition not only as a social evil, menacing the traditional basis of Chinese civilization—the family—but as a national disaster. "If such conditions are allowed to exist unchecked, the path to China's position as a great power in the community of nations, it is easy to conceive, lies forever checked."

Mr. V. T. Bang-chou, with vision and sane patriotism, espouses the cause of millions of Chinese women, to-day little better than slaves, but in whom he sees valuable factors and constructive elements for the China which is rousing itself from the lethargy of long apathy to become indeed a great power.

RELEASED FROM PRISON UNDER THE IRWIN-GANDHI PACT: Mrs. Kamalade Vi Chattopadhyaya, a Swarajist leader who represented India at the International Women's Conference held in Paris in 1928, and who was sent to prison because she led the Salt Satyagraha Movement, is seen above at the reception accorded her in Madras on her release

"The aim of education, be it for women or men, is the training of citizenship," writes Mr. Bang-chou. "It is to teach men and women to be intelligent citizens, to be able to form an opinion on important questions of the day, to be intellectual and refined. That includes, of course, the fatherhood of man and the motherhood of woman. But to be a woman does not mean to be a woman *only* and *merely*. A mother may also be an 'artist,' 'orator,' 'professor,' or 'expert.' And if no one 'ever asked if the Holy Mother, whom the Wise Men adored, knew the astronomy of the Chaldees, and had studied Egyptian or Babylonian, or even whether She knew how to read or write Her own tongue,' it would have added certainly to Her credit and glory had She known them. Mr. Sun's 'countless domestic tragedies' are due, perhaps, not to the failure of wives to be Madonnas, but to the failure of women as life-partners. The success of a home does not depend merely on the love of a Madonna; it depends upon a combination of mutual help and mutual interest."

HOW MOROCCAN CHIEFS LIVE IN THE ATLAS: The village and the fortress-like Kasbahs of Ait-Addon

Two heads are better than one

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LOOKING DOWN on the WORLD

A Picturesque Occupation which is yet a "Man's Job" in the Upper Air

By KENT SAGENDORPH

New York.

The essential difference between flying for aerial photography and any other kind of flying is altitude. Passenger air liners hold a straight and true course at an average of 3,000 ft. Mail 'planes may come down to 1,000 ft. or climb to 5,000 ft. to get over a cloud bank. Forest-patrol 'planes rarely rise higher than 5,000 ft. But photographers must accustom themselves to working at altitudes of 18,000 to 20,000 ft. None but the newest military 'planes can reach a higher level. Such altitudes are necessary because of the nature of the job. In making a map for an oil company, for instance, geologists want to know as much as they can about the structure of the mountains and the drainage of the rivers. The higher the 'plane flies the more of these things can be seen. Consequently, the sky's the limit.

At 18,000 or 20,000 ft. the mountainous scenery on the surface looks like a clay relief model. Mountain ranges, valleys, and rivers shrink to small-scale replicas of their natural bulk. Drainage can be seen at a glance; rock formations can be traced along their whole length. This eliminates all the weary months of prospecting on mule back that has characterized the work of the petroleum geologist in past years. Also it saves time and money to the oil company.

But high altitudes place a serious strain on photographer, plane, and camera. For instance, in Mexico, where this work is always going on, the temperature on the ground is often well over a hundred degrees. The photographer and pilot must encase themselves in cumbersome leather suits, felt boots, thick gloves, and fur-lined helmets. Not until the aeroplane has reached 6,000 or 7,000 ft. is the atmosphere cool enough to afford any relief to the sweltering men. Up and up, past the snow-capped mountains near Ebano, Mexico, in the heart of the oil region, into the free air above. Then the pilot levels off and the photographer starts the electric drive of his big camera.

At this altitude, about 19,000 ft., the temperature is 20 below zero. Fingers become numb. Goggles form a coating of frost which all but destroys vision. Motor power, suffering from loss of air density, is cut about one-third. Breathing becomes an effort; lungs expand painfully. The thin air makes one's head spin. Lack of oxygen affects the airmen's vision, their movements, and their disposition.

The 'plane must stay at this killing height until the big eye of the camera has winked at every tree, rock, and rivulet in the district three or four miles below. A mapping 'plane flies above an imaginary strip of carpet. Arriving at the far end, it turns and comes back to the starting-point. Then it flies along the adjoining strip, and so on. The pilot has a glass window in the floor, by which he guides the ship along a straight line. The photographer, crouched over his camera, is watching an instrument board of his own. The camera is in a round metal frame, with its blunt cone extending straight downward through a hole in the floor.

An electrical drive times the interval between exposures. Just before the precise moment arrives, a tiny light appears beside both pilot and photographer. This is the "get ready" signal. The pilot holds the craft as straight and level as he can. The photographer makes a final adjustment to get the bubble levels on the camera to stay within the white guide lines. Then, with a whirr of hidden gears, the machinery comes to life. It snaps the big shutter, winds fresh film into position, records the number of the exposure, and turns off the lights. Then for the next shot.

Before the fuel is entirely exhausted the photographer disconnects the camera motor, and the pilot banks around and heads for home. As the 'plane descends, the frost on goggles melts, breathing becomes easier, headache disappears, and the heavy clothing grows oppressive. The 'plane sights its home airports, throttles the motor, and lands. All metal parts, including the camera, are dripping water, due to condensation of moisture, and the crew can hear nothing for ten minutes.

This sort of thing throws a wrench in the photographer's physical machinery. He must develop powers of resistance to combat the ever-present danger of pneumonia. After prolonged experience, most of the men become noticeably cold-blooded, so much so that warm weather is nature's greatest curse. When they are working over intricate instruments in a temperature of 20 below zero, even zero seems warm to them. After the day's flight they return to their heated homes and drive their wives speechless by flinging open all the windows on a bitter winter's evening.

Cameras, too, suffer from this wide range of temperature. Considering the treatment they receive the work they do is nothing short of phenomenal. Think of being able to look down at the world from a height of seven miles and see faint footpaths through a field, patches of waving grain, tiny specks of automobiles, and bigger dots that mean huge buildings on the ground. No eagle that ever winged above a mountain peak ever had such vision. Yet Capt. A. W. Stevens and Lieut. Jimmy Doolittle of the U.S. Army Air Corps forced their ship to 37,380 ft., the highest point to which two men have ever flown, and brought back a picture that startled army authorities. Well over seven miles above the small farms of central Ohio, they made the highest picture on record.

It shows every building, every road, every field, as well as if it had been taken from a roof top. It includes nearly nine square miles of land, all in one small picture. Elaborate preparations were made for the flight — electrically-heated clothing, heaters for the cabin, and the motor oil, oxygen tanks, and weird-looking face masks for the crew. A super-charger forced the thin air into the motor's cylinders. In spite of every precaution Captain Stevens suffered a frozen eyeball, and Lieutenant Doolittle nearly froze his hands as they worked at a temperature of nearly 65 deg. below zero. In the sun-bathed fields below farmers were perspiring at work in cotton shirts and straw hats.

Midnight aerial pictures are a seeming impossibility. In the late War both sides photographed each other busily all day long—and both sides kept comparatively quiet. It was at night that they brought up fresh troops, swung new guns into position, distributed supplies. Now a means has been found to watch the enemy's movements just as well at midnight as at noon. We are indebted to Lieutenant George W. Goddard, U.S. Army Air Corps, for creating this revolutionary invention. It consists, briefly, in using a huge flashlight bomb in connection with an electrical timing device. The bomb trails along after the 'plane on an electric cable. When the picture is to be taken the operator merely throws a switch. The camera-shutter opens, the flash-bomb explodes, and the camera-shutter closes again—all in one-fiftieth of a second, during which the flash-charge must illuminate an area of about eight square miles. And in order to do this the bomb must generate about forty million candle-power in the same brief interval. Lieutenant Goddard's experiences, while working on his process, give us one of the most thrilling and hilarious chapters in the whole history of flight.

He set off one of these terrific flashes over the sleeping city of Rochester, N.Y., one evening, and threw the whole place into a panic. The flash exploded with a blinding glare; a rumbling echo as of distant gunfire roared over the city. Terrified householders ran into the streets in their night-dresses, yelling that the town was being bombed. The explosion broke windows in stores below, and the tinkle of glass was added to the scream of fire sirens, the wail of burglar alarms, and the whistles of a dozen policemen on a dozen beats who thought a bank had been blown up. It took the police and the telephone company several hours to restore quiet.

MAPPING FROM THE AIR: Flying over an old crater in the San Salvador district

Instead of depending on eighteen or so heavy, fragile plates, such as were used in the War, the new camera uses special film—100 exposures a roll—of such amazing sensitivity that it has to be kept on ice until used. The military use of aerial photography, while important, is by no means paramount. The aerial camera is an instrument of peace rather than a weapon of war.

It has caused a complete change in methods of searching for oil and minerals, setting tax rates for cities, studying traffic, protecting long power lines, building dams, bridges, and many other engineering projects. In tax work alone the aerial map is hitting every taxpayer in his most vulnerable spot—the pocket-book. The recent real estate assessment troubles in Chicago could have been avoided with an aerial photographic map, which takes the tax problem out of the hands of politicians and presents it in picture form that everybody can understand. In Middletown, Conn., a thriving manufacturing town, the aerial camera on its first trip over the town reported 1,896 buildings that had never been on any tax map at all. Hundreds of them were on the main streets. As a consequence the tax rate was reduced, and over 60,000 dollars in new revenue were brought in. Also the map was made in sixty days instead of three or four years.

Since the aerial camera is an instrument capable of all this revolutionizing, it demands highly trained men to operate it. No longer is the field open to ambitious amateurs and ordinary commercial photographers. The big companies prefer to train their own men in dark rooms, mapping divisions, and camera-maintenance shops, before giving them a chance to go out on their own in the air.

A camera-man on the ground can erect his tripod, mount his camera on it, focus on whatever he wants to take, and spend all the time he needs. He can hide his head under a black cloth, like an ostrich, all the afternoon if he so desires.

The aerial photographer swoops down over his objective like a hawk, and gets three or four shots in the time the ground man would spend fooling with a plate. He must know what to do and do it in a fraction of a second, while his plane is flying at one hundred and fifteen miles an hour.

Among men in aviation, the aerial photographer is a person of considerable standing. He goes from state to state, buying flying times from local pilots. He needs good men and good 'planes, and if they are available near his job he will contract with them instead of flying his own ship and pilot a thousand miles across country.

Aerial photography was the first branch of aviation to make a profit. It does not depend on Government contract, as does the air mail, nor on the whims of the public, as does a passenger line. It has a definite market for its product, which is increasing enormously, as business men take advantage of the services it offers.

In their fur-lined suits, parachutes, boots, and helmets, aerial photographers are a picturesque lot. They lead lives of action, of quick thinking and hair-raising adventure. Only men who can stand the pace need apply.

BEASTS : *Wild and Tame Newly Pictured*

IN THE CROCODILES' DEN : Mr. P. E. Tozer, a scenic artist, renovates the *mise-en-scene* of the saurians' haunt with painted palm trees. Mr. Tozer has periodically to beat a retreat when the "crocs" become too curious

THE FAMILY MAN : The stork at Kew Gardens is seen above setting out from its half-built nest in a willow in search of more twigs with which to house its second generation. Storks in Britain are a great rarity

SUPPLYING THE FINEST AND MOST VALUABLE WOOL : A young vicuna, a small and wild species of the llama—a member of the camel family. It is a Peruvian beast, living in the Andes. Its wool is manufactured into a soft fabric for clothing

THE FOSTER-MOTHER : A sheep dog after losing her own puppies adopts an orphan lamb—a striking example of the extraordinary mercy of Nature. The picture was taken at a farm in Kincardineshire

Spring and Winter Join Hands: *A delightful scene from Arosa, Switzerland. The snow rests on the upper slobes, while, as it were, on the shore of a dazzling sea, the croci bloom*

CROCUS TIME

All Over the World

Crocus Sunday at Hampton Court: *The gay and multicoloured harbingers of Spring—the bravest of the flowers—attracted great crowds to Wolsey's famous residence. The love for flowers exhibited by the young is a feature of the post-war era*

THE ARNOLD BENNETT I KNEW : And Victorian Memories by Kinsey Peile

By CECIL ROBERTS

The death of Arnold Bennett was the signal for numerous eulogiums, some by those who knew him and some by those who evidently did not. One paper excelled itself by immediately demanding a Westminster Abbey burial for the dead writer, basing the claim upon the fact that he had once made a hoax burial in the Abbey a scene in one of his novels. The tremendous virtues attributed to the dead man by some of the obituary writers would have embarrassed Bennett, an extremely modest fellow, could he have been aware of them. If he had one supreme quality it was that he never lost his head and nothing drew his curious analytical interest more than the vagaries of the herd instinct. This is no time to assess his position as a writer. The man himself for the time being dominates the scene.

Despite his lack of personal distinction there was in his bearing an innate poise which, in the old days, was called conceit, quite mistakenly. A ridiculous legend grew up that he was the best-dressed man in town. How such a legend could have originated, or have been sustained by anyone who had seen Bennett in the flesh, is difficult to understand. He was always, to my eyes, a badly dressed man because he was so consciously well-dressed. He looked exactly what he was, a provincial man of the lower middle class dressed in his Sunday best. His entrance on a theatrical first night had that self-consciousness of a man who had put on dress clothes for the occasion. The plebeian coif of hair sprouting from his forehead completed the picture of a man who felt he was in fancy dress.

The deliberation with which Bennett set about earning his reputation seems contradictory to all theories about genius. He believed in work and not in inspiration. He achieved fame by the calendar, and made each of the three hundred and sixty-five days contribute its quota of words to the mass attack on the public. No man ever survived a more deadly exposition of himself. Such self-complacent stuff as *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day* and all those other little books of strong thoughts for weak minds would have killed the reputation of any writer. But there happened to be inside the mind of the Bennett who tapped at the door of Fortune like a weekly rent-collector the all-seeing, all-feeling fellow who gave us the divine pity that informs every page of *Riceyman's Steps*. Those half-crown contributions to the Americanized self-deception series of the Get On or Get Out philosophy, so popular among the multitude of earnest half-wits, belonged to the Bennett who aspired to be a fashion plate. It amused him to explain the art of dressing to the mentally untidy.

He was a born commentator. His prestige as a critic owed nothing to insight of which he possessed little, to spiritual or æsthetic perception of which he was bankrupt, but everything to his hold on reality, and to an alertness that enabled him to proclaim with infallible certainty what the crowd would think ten hours later. The enormous influence he wielded on the *Evening Standard*, an influence whose proportions must have filled him with amused contempt, was due in the first place to a common touch that made the whole world read, and in the second place to an unshakable honesty of opinion. He never abused his power; to young writers he was infallibly kind. If at moments he suffered from the fear of being thought old-fashioned, and from time to time joined the bull in the Chelsea china-shop, these excursions were sufficiently rare; he was the most trustworthy and the most readable of all the deities whose smile meant a scramble at the bookshops. I never lifted up my voice in the scandalized chorus that thought a hundred pounds per article a monstrous fee for his *Evening Standard* contribution. Even if this were the price I rejoiced to think that one of our tribe could get within appreciable distance of the earning capacity of a pugilist.

The real Bennett will survive long after the critic has been forgotten. It will be agreed that he wrote two masterpieces and at least ten competent stories; he has again proved that our great novelists seldom come out of the public schools or universities, or from our aristocracy, but that, like Dickens and Hardy, nearness to the people is the source of greatness.

There is one other Bennett I would ask leave to mention. I was one of those innumerable young writers who received kindness at his hands. When I was about to publish my first novel I received that fearful thing, a publisher's agreement. A friend showed this to Bennett, who carefully read the document and then wrote to the obscure beginner, the Field-Marshal to the private, a four-page letter that I have treasured ever since for three reasons—the fame of its writer, its wisdom, and the extreme beauty of the penmanship. A week later, on a June morning in 1918, I breakfasted with him. He was then residing at the Thames Yacht Club, whose windows looked upon the Green Park, over Piccadilly, and I still recall his effort to put me at ease, his advice, and his confessions, one of which was that every morning, at nine o'clock, before sitting down to do his daily three hours' work, he walked round the room and put all the pictures level, since one out of line distracted him. The next time we met was on one of the steamers that ply between Venice and the Lido. He had the flattering little habit of accosting any author he knew with the question, "How's the new book?" Any author can be safely asked this question without even knowing the name of the book, and any author felt pleased by the inference that Bennett knew he had a new book. Our last meeting was when I had tea with him in his Cadogan Gardens house. I was in a state of despair because for twelve months I had been unable to write a line, and feared I was forevermore sterile. I can see him now, teapot in hand, looking at me across the table. "M-m-my d-dear R-r-roberts, w-what nonsense! I've written s-s-seventy b-books. W-w-we can't dry up." He was right. He had not then written *Imperial Palace*, an astonishing *tour-de-force* for a man with his output.

His companionable nature has been rightly stressed. There is a corner of the Reform Club that will sadly miss him in the after-lunch hour, and even the hall-porter broke the news of his passing to me with an emotion that betrayed his affection for the familiar, stiff figure. Whenever I saw him seated there, in conclave with Frank Swinnerton and the select few, I wondered what author would wake up next week to find himself temporarily famous. He will always be for me the embodiment of that happy definition by Edmund Gosse—"the man who exercises a ceaseless intellectual curiosity probably squeezes more out of life than anyone else."

There is so much good writing these days, and bad work dies so quickly, that I have always thought it unnecessary to waste time and space in damning books; and one is always fallible. But with the best will in the world I cannot find a word of praise for Mr. Michael Arlen's new novel *Men Dislike Women* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). After forty dreary, meretricious pages I compelled myself to go on to the end. Happily this is only half of a novel, some forty-thousand words padded out to make a full book. When I read *Lily Christine* I began to feel that Mr. Arlen was learning how to write English, and that he had passed through that Mayfair apprenticeship in which his hero appeared like a footman who had borrowed his master's evening dress. *Lily Christine* was a fine and promising achievement. *Men Dislike Women* is a desperate attempt to be bright. A young Frenchman borrows a car, rushes over to Long Island, and somehow finds a girl, dressed as a boy, fallen into his arms from a horse. The inanity of their conversation is only matched by the absurdity of their situation.

Here is how smart people on Long Island are supposed to talk—"My father thinks I'm a lady, anyway. Of course he doesn't know much about ladies because he was a politician, see, and now he is retired he does nothing but read poetry. But you ought to meet my mother. She's a hell of a lady. English, you know. Smells of leather. Her husband has got swell teeth you can hang your hats on."

I am not sure whether mother's "husband" can be the "father" of the opening sentence, but I have no doubt about the vulgarity of the daughter and her companions in this sorry story of high spirits and low life. Mr. Arlen may feel he can please his American public by jibing at the pseudo-English society he has so successfully exploited in fiction, but he should keep his metaphors, if not his women, pure—"the mountain of stone and the labyrinth of steel, trumpeting its way towards oblivion, belches with laughter." I could condone Mr. Arlen's adjectival antics and overlook the conversation of women who smell of gin or leather if there was a story, but I have throughout a feeling that the author wonders how he is going to reach the end, hastened as it is with large type and large space. This book comes as a violent shock to those who had hoped that Mr. Arlen was going to win serious consideration. At his worst he was bright. This book is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *ennui*.

When Mr. Kinsey Peile, the actor, told me he was writing a book of reminiscences I trembled for him. He is such a good raconteur of stories over his own and other people's dining tables that I feared he would lose all vitality in the transition to print. I also feared that there would be a long catalogue of plays that went on and plays that went off, in the manner of theatrical reminiscences. Here is the book, facetiously called *Candied Peel* (Black. 12s. 6d.) and all my fears prove unfounded. I have one complaint, and it is that in a book of confessions the author has confessed so little. There is not enough about himself, and such glimpses as he gives us are entrancing. The book is a mine of good stories, a portrait gallery of notable figures, and a pageant of the good old days when it was not a crime to live in dignity. Early in life Mr. Peile was destined for the army. One of his first memories was of the Taj in moonlight, with the Duke of Edinburgh and his staff, accompanied by Indian Rajahs with their flashing jewels, slowly promenading along the white marble terraces, among the splashing fountains. Another memory has a nightmare quality.

Delightful is the story of a small boy's visit to Lord Nelson and his family at Trafalgar. It was his first country house visit. He was introduced all round, and when the butler came up and asked for the key of his trunk, very confused he stood up, shook him warmly by the hand, and said, "How d'you do?" to the horror of his schoolfellow and the laughter of the party. But young Peile was equal to the occasion. He waited until the laughter had subsided and said, "I'm sorry I made a mistake, but you see, in India, where I come from, our servants are dressed in scarlet and gold!"

The splendour of the entertainments of the Victorian era were often touched with vulgarity. At one grand party four famous musicians who had been hired at an enormous sum were solemnly roped off at the end of the ballroom. Half-way through the superb programme a major-domo appeared on the platform carrying an enormous silver salver which had on it four neat piles of gold, the artistes' fees. Nachez, the famous violinist, glared furiously and then gave the salver a violent bang, scattering the gold with a thunderclap. The dowagers fainted, but some of the guests began to scramble for the coins.

Mr. Carl Van Doren's *Swift* (Secker. 10s. 6d.) is a straightforward biography of the Dean but has nothing new to say, and the biographer has let Swift speak in person. It would be almost impossible to write a dull book about the Dean, his place as a man of affairs, as a lover, as a letter-writer, and a general enigma. Mr. Van Doren draws a terrifying portrait of the end. The indignity of death is here in all its horror, and where most writers are content to draw a merciful veil Mr. Van Doren brings an almost medical attention to the final scene.

If you want a book of horrors read *Rooms of Mystery*, by Elliott O'Donnell (Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.). The author appears to have endless credulity, and in this survey all his haunted chambers are furnished with the necessary requisites. There are fiendish spectres, with ape faces and claw-like hands. There are windows that are forced open, doors that stand ajar, mirrors in which ghosts are seen, night noises, clankings, groanings, all the blood-curdling paraphernalia. There are houses inhabited by ghosts that stand empty of tenants, or did stand empty. The housing shortage appears to have pushed out the non-rent paying classes, and many a poor ghost has now nowhere to lay its head, should it possess one. The kind of ghost I have wished to hear of is one that possesses a sense of humour. That is the great defect of Mr. O'Donnell's blood-curdling book. The nearest I ever came to one was at the Deanery, Windsor Castle, where the Dean assured me there was a ghost that walked along a corridor and went down a stair that wasn't there. I listened long into the night but, no one seemed to be committing a *faux pas* in the Deanery. I have no luck with ghosts.

Recommended List:

Short Stories, *by Algernon Blackwood* **(Harrap. 2s. 6d. net).**—A collection of the best short stories of one of the most delicate imaginative writers of our day. A marvellously cheap treasury of some of the subtlest stories in English literature.

From Surtees to Sassoon, *by F. J. Harvey Darton* **(Kennerley. 6s. net).**—A series of appreciations of writers of the younger school, of which the study of Sassoon and the background of his work is the most interesting. Brooke, Graves, Manning, and Montague are other subjects in this sincere appraisal.

Kinloch-Moidast's Dirk, *by Lord Sands* **(Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net).**—A collection of short stories based on Scottish legends, many of which have authentic historical data. Mystery and suspense are most entertainingly blended.

Ambrose Holt and Family, *by Susan Glaspell* **(Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net).**—A novel of domestic tragedy, with a Glaspell sense of drama and character.

The Homicide Club, *by Gwyn Evans* **(Shaylor. 7s. 6d. net).**—An ingenious thriller in which four millionaires swear to commit a perfect crime. Delightfully improbable.

Song of the Wheatfields, *by Ferenc Mora* **(Allan. 7s. 6d. net).**—A novel of two Hungarian families, in which the life of the soil and the aftermath of war are vividly depicted. A worthy introduction of one of the greatest of living Hungarian writers.

BEAUTY IN CLAY: *Fräulein Marlene Dietrich, the famous "vamp" of the screen, returned from Hollywood to her native Germany. While in Berlin she posed to Signore Ernesto di Fiori, the distinguished Italian sculptor, who lives in the German capital*

ON THE SCREEN: *A scene from Morocco in which Miss Marlene Dietrich co-stars with Mr. Gary Cooper*

ON *and* OFF *the* SCREEN

Fräulein Marlene Dietrich Poses for an Italian Sculptor in Berlin

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

ENGLAND'S YOUNGEST CONDUCTOR: Mr. Arthur Hammond, who despite his mere twenty-five years conducted The Flying Dutchman *at the Lyceum last week. He is seen with the score used by Carl Rosa himself fifty-five years' ago at the début of this most melodious of the Wagner operas at the Lyceum*

"Chelsea Follies"—Second Edition.

If a revue is really to live up to that label, it should have a new edition every day and behave, to all intents and purposes, like a newspaper. This, owing to the impossibility of securing sufficient rehearsals (and the improbability of getting anything worth rehearsing), cannot be done in London to-day. Paris did something of the sort with its Rip revues, which managed to echo the doings of each day fairly faithfully, without forgetting the unfaithful doings of each night. But in London all we can hope for is a second edition, after a few months, of any revue lucky enough in these days to run as long as that. *Chelsea Follies* is one of the rare lucky ones. It is not, of course, merely a question of luck. For there is much good material in this revue, though it is Nervo and Knox who have mainly been responsible for drawing the crowds to the Victoria Palace.

On the first night of the second edition Mr. Nervo had an unfortunate accident. Or it may have been Mr. Knox; for never shall I be able to distinguish between Nervo and Knox, Clapham and Dwyer, Flotsam and Jetsam, Naughton and Gold, Beattie and Babs, or the Dolly Sisters. Whichever of the two it was, he struck the wrong key. That is to say, in the burlesque bull-fight a monster pantomimic key struck him on the nose and, if it did not double him up for ever, it cramped his style for the rest of the evening. He "carried on pluckily," like a second-rate opera company; but it is not easy to be funny with a pain in the nose. Red-nosed comedians, yes. Cut-nosed comedians, no. In case I may be thought unsympathetic let me say with all the emphasis in me that Mr. Nervo (or Mr. Knox) is much more amusing with a pain in the nose than at least half-a-dozen comedians I could name who merely give me a pain in the neck. And that Mr. Nervo and Mr. Knox are really an inimitable couple, though I also nourish an affection for Mr. Naughton and Mr. Gold.

Mr. Archie de Bear has an admirable sense of proportion and is obviously a believer, with Quintus Horatius Flaccus, in the theory and practice of "not too much." The general excellence of this revue lies in the fact that there is not too much gorgeousness, not too much dancing, not too much noise. The exception is that there is just a little too much of Mr. Naunton Wayne, which is not Mr. Wayne's fault, since he has, I imagine, to do what he is told to do. Fortunately he has a pleasant personality, and though I found his appearances as *compère* too frequent I never found them irritating. He is a mimic, too, and his impression of Mr. Nelson Keys giving an impression of Sir Gerald du Maurrier compensated for the departure from the cast of the revue of Miss Lillebil Ibsen (though that is not in itself a task of inordinate difficulty). The feminine element in the revue is rather on the weak side; there is no one who can really put a number over. None the less, an entertainment that deserves its continued success.

The same evening—rather later on—saw the launching of Mr. Charles Cochran's supper-time revue at the Trocadero, *Creation*. This must not be confused with a previous production of the same name, music by Josef Haydn. If Mr. Cochran had to go to oratorio for his title, "Passion" would have been more appropriate. The Biblical touch was preserved, however, by the presence in the cast of the contortionist dancer Eve, who had come across from the revue at the London Pavilion. Exactly *how* she had come across the road I know not; probably she had crawled through a narrow drain-pipe. Her movements are truly amazing, though I would not say that all of them are beautiful.

The Di Catanos put humour into an Apache dance, on which they are to be congratulated. I know of nothing more dreamily silly than the pair of dancers who, whether in theatres or in restaurants, stare at each other grimly like a couple of amorous cats, struggle with knives, and stage a culminating episode in which the man hauls the woman by her hair on to the floor. They have been doing this for twenty years, and doubtless will do it for another twenty.

Mr. Cochran's "young ladies" not only dance gracefully on the stage—a vision of black dresses and scarlet gloves I shall long remember—but gyrate and perambulate in dangerous proximity to the supper tables. One night will see half a cutlet whisked into the air by the dainty toe of a Cochran young lady, which should give it an added value now that Spring is here.

At the close of this bright little supper show there were loud cries for Mr. Cochran, who did what he rarely does in his own theatre—he appeared on the stage and made a speech. I have no doubt that this was partly a tribute to a well-produced and colourful entertainment. But it was also a sympathetic reference to what Mr. Cochran himself has described as a "knock on the chin." The British public are extraordinarily sporting in this way. They never forget an old favourite Dear Ellen Terry in the later years of her life could, and occasionally did, go on the stage and forget almost every word, yet she was cheered vociferously. Here was an impresario who has in the past given us a large number of first rate productions, which he happens to have followed at the Pavilion by one—well, not first rate. Perhaps it is a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter;* anyway, I hope so. But be that as it may, sportsmanship came to the fore.

Is there any other country where such a thing could happen? It would assuredly not happen in France. In the French theatre there is no kindness, no sympathy, no sporting instinct, and no respect. I have known an understudy whistled at and abused just because he was an understudy. I have known a young actress who stumbled over a line laughed off the stage; on this side of the Channel she would have been greeted with sympathetic applause. Even when the great Sarah Bernhardt had a leg amputated she was not spared ridicule. I remember going a week after the operation to a revue at the Cigale (now a picture palace), the *commère* of which impersonated Sarah, and gave the three knocks that herald the rise of the curtain *with a wooden leg*. That was considered frightfully funny.

"The World of Light"

Mr. Aldous Huxley is a very, very clever man, so clever indeed that he used to be a dramatic critic. Like most dramatic critics, he has had a shot at writing a play, and like all playwright-dramatic critics, with one solitary exception, his play is a poor one. I do not say that *The World of Light*, produced at the Royalty for a series of matinées, is a futile or puerile play, and that it is not full of provocative ideas. Mr. Huxley cannot help thinking, and thinking hard; you can almost hear his finely-tuned brain purring away like the engine of a powerful and extremely expensive motor-car. But that brain does not run in the direction of play-construction, though it is well adapted for those novels of his, with their startlingly scabrous passages.

The World of Light tells of a young don who, having started to think too much about things in general and an attractive young woman in particular, sets out with a friend for British Guiana. His father and the young woman think that he is dead, and hold a spiritualistic séance, in which they imagine that they are receiving messages from him. But he is not dead, and interrupts one of these séances by walking into the middle of it, and making the medium and other devotees look profoundly foolish.

I found it difficult to gather whether it was Mr. Huxley's idea to make spiritualism itself look foolish or whether he really has an open mind on the subject. But I do know that he has overloaded his play with such a mass of irrelevances that it almost ceases to be a play at all, and that he shoots problems and theories at his audience until they are not in a condition to digest any of them or to do anything but stagger into the foyer and smoke a cigarette and feel sorry that the pantomime season is over.

There has never yet been a good play about spritualism, but there have been nearer approaches to the ideal than this one. It is a big enough subject to tempt an experienced dramatist. The purely theatrical possibilities are enormous. I fancy that if an author were to concentrate on those instead of airing his opinions on a topic which is so highly controversial, that good spiritualistic play will come.

Miss Fabia Drake's performance was so fine that I marvel we see so little of this splendid actress.

WHOM PRINCES DELIGHT TO HONOUR: Senorita Fatma Carell, the Latin-American star, who created a great success at a special matinée given for the royal party, is to be seen in London

Douglas

MISS ROSALIND FULLER who plays "Vivie" in the revival at the Court of Mrs. Warren's Profession*—the Shaw play banned in England and impounded in America on its presentation*

"STRICTLY DISHONOURABLE": The dictatorial fiancé, Mr. George Meeker, hotas forth to Miss Margaret Perry in a speak-easy, while Mr. Marius Rogati purveys drinks. A scene from the American importation at the Phœnix Theatre

FOREIGN PLAYS AT HOME AND ENGLISH PLAYS ABROAD

MISS DIANA BEAUMONT, the niece of Sir Gerald du Maurier, who plays one of the leading parts in Alibi, *the dramatised version of* The Murder of Robert Ackroyd, *by Agatha Christie, in which Mr. Charles Laughton distinguished himself in the character of the Gallic detective. Miss Beaumont, however, has been engaged on the talkie version, emanating from the Twickenham Studios*

CHAUVE-SOURIS AT THE CAMBRIDGE: The scene entitled "Old English Engraving," and, above, a moment from the adaptation from the famous Russian play by Alexanare Pouskkin, "The Queen of Spades." Mr. Komisarjevsky's production is a revelation of Slavic sympathetic interpretation

"I'VE MORE LIFE THAN IS GOOD FOR ONE MAN. . . . MAYN'T I GIVE IT TO YOU?" Mr. Brian Aherne as Browning and Miss Katharine Cornell as Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett in the American production of Rudolph Besier's play, which is still drawing crowds to the Queen's Theatre

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

RHODES the Rose Island of the ÆGean

During a quarrel among the gods as to the division of their respective domains, it happened that the claims of Helios, who had been away on his daily round, had been overlooked. He showed no anger, on his return; but said wistfully, "I have seen a beautiful flower at the bottom of the sea, if you will give me that you can divide the earth as you will." The flower was raised from the sea, and this was the birth of Rhodes—

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE: A view from the sea

Rhodos—the rose. And Rhodes is as ancient, and as new, as the flower after which legend gave it a name. Mycenean and Phœnician tombs show that two thousand years before Christ men lived there; later it was famous for its school of sculpture; it was there that the Colossus, guarding the port and one of the seven wonders of the world, was cast. For us Rhodes becomes more particularly interesting in the age of chivalry when, in the thirteenth century it was the most important outpost of Christianity against the tide of Muhammadanism, and the seat of the great Order of the Knights of St. John. In 1522, after the great siege, the island fell into the hands of the Turks, in whose possession it remained until after the Great War, when it was annexed by Italy. The Italian Government has done splendid work in restoring the impressive medieval buildings, and fortunately the Governor of the Dodacanese Islands, H.E. Mario Lago, is an archæologist who takes a passionate interest in the preservation and development of the island. Though much of the squalor associated with the Levant has been removed, a great deal of Oriental charm is still left, and the mixture of domed mosques and minarets with medieval churches, walls, and bastions is delightfully unusual. The modern buildings are in keeping with the architectural history of the town — Venetian, medieval, and Oriental. The palace of the governor is Venetian Gothic; it has cloisters by the sea filled with tombs of ancient warriors. The Hospital of the Knights is a magnificent building with a cloistered court and a double tier of arches.

THE HOSPITAL OF THE KNIGHTS. This has been restored by Professor Maiuri, head of the Museum of Naples

The great hall is divided, in the centre, by seven pillars, linked by Gothic arches that support the wooden roof, and little cells that were used in the past for holding the armour of the knights, lead out of it. The ancient hospices of the various countries must be visited, and also the wonderful triple circle of city walls with their endless subterranean passages. There is the port with its Eastern shipping, and everywhere one looks upon gardens with palms, cypresses and quantities of flowers.

For those who like a complete change, Rhodes offers everything delightful and modernly comfortable as well. The large "Hotel of the Roses" by the sea is first rate and has its own shore for bathing. In the summer rich Egyptians and Greeks go there, but in the spring and autumn one finds chiefly English and Italian people.

THE STAG: Symbolic of Rhodes this stands at the entrance to the port, fronted by the Wolf of Rome

Excursions can be made to the islands near, though for the present there is the difficulty of the lack of good hotels. One can however put up with a little discomfort to see Patmos, the island where St. John the Evangelist wrote the Apocalypse; and Leros with its splendid castle, and Cos with the huge plane tree of Hippocrates, which fills a whole square. From Cos, a good motor road takes one to the Temple of Æsculapius where, in the 4th century,

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN: Built in the XIV century, it was destroyed in 1865 by gunpowder left in the vaults in 1522 when d'Amaral tried to force the Knights to capitulate during a siege. The Cathedral was rebuilt as before, a campanile outside and a bronze copy of Donatillo's St. John and a Via Crucis in stone by Antonio Maraini inside only being added

B.C., Hippocrates taught medical science. There is a good deal of movement between Italy and Rhodes, and many who go there make use of the Italian Air Express seaplanes which, leaving Brindisi stop at Athens, and then at Rhodes. This service is discontinued during the winter months, but starts again on February 28th. The seaplanes usually leave Brindisi on Monday and Thursday, and Athens on Saturday for Rhodes. They will, probably, go more often in the coming season as, in Italy, the use both of seaplanes, and aeroplanes, is growing rapidly.

Connections from London to Rhodes can be made direct by sleeping car from Calais to Brindisi from where one arrives, in fifty hours, at Rhodes by newly-built motorships. For longer sea-journeys one can leave Trieste, or Venice, by the Lloyd Triestino Line, getting to Rhodes in 8 days, via Fiume, Ancona, Spalato and Piræus. From Marseilles, also, there are sailings for Rhodes by the Messageries Maritimes, leaving every fortnight. The Sitmar Line boats leave Genoa every fourteen days, going by Naples, Catania, and Piræus, to Rhodes. By seaplane it takes nine hours to go from Brindisi via Athens to Rhodes. Y. M.

A SCOTTISH GAME IN THE ÆGEAN: The Golf Club and Pavilion, Rhodes

FOR KNIGHTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN: The Grand Hotel of the Roses, Rhodes, now a modern and comfortable building, once the home of the Order of the Knights of Malta

The ISLAND of CALM

By M. GILLIES CAMPBELL

The number of Anglo-Saxons who know and love Majorca, "The Island of Calm," increases yearly; yet there are still many to whom this enchanting spot is nothing more than a name with a few vague ideas loosely attached. Of these the most misleading are that it is inaccessible, semi-civilized, and of interest only to the archæologist and the historian.

As its name indicates, Majorca is the largest of the Balearic Islands—a group of special interest to Britons, since Minorca, the second in size, was occupied by us during the greater part of the 18th century, and still retains traces of our stay. After alternating between France, Spain, and England, it was finally handed back to Spain in 1802, and together with Majorca and the other islands taken from the Moors by James of Aragon in 1229, remains a part of the Spanish possessions.

Of these Majorca is not only the largest but the most attractive, the name given to it by Spanish writers—"The Island of Calm"—well expressing its especial charm. It has a pleasant, sunny climate, free from extremes of heat and cold, which enthusiasts declare to be ideal. In spring and autumn it is at its best.

The Majorcans are a delightful people, pleasant, unassuming, and honourable in their business dealings, though in the markets, as in some of the shops, the Moorish tendency to haggle still persists. Their homes, even of the poorest classes, are spotless; their manners kindly and courteous. Visitors who in their turn respect the rights of others, are free to go from end to end of the island without interference, while sure of advice or help if needed.

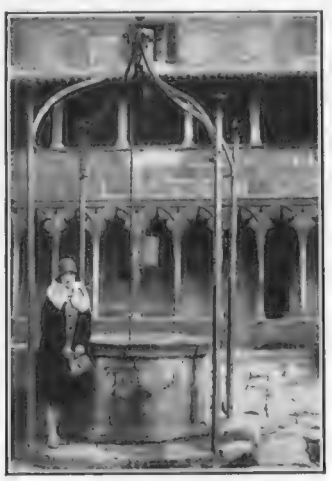
A knowledge of Spanish, though useful, is by no means necessary to the traveller. Most of the hotels in Palma have an English-speaking member of the staff; and even in the smaller towns landlords are usually able to produce some one who understands enough for most emergencies. The native language, Mallorquin, is a mixture of Spanish, French, Italian and Arabic; with a smattering of French, a liberal use of gesture and a friendly smile, any part of the island can be explored with ease.

The Cathedral of Palma, a marvel in stone which dominates the sea approach, is placed by architects among the ten most notable in the world.

In the church of San Francisco is the tomb of Ramón Lull, the Majorcan saint and mystic. Like St. Augustine and St. Thomas à Becket, he redeemed a dissolute youth by an after life of selfless devotion. Santa Eulalia recalls his less regenerate days, when, in pursuit of the Genoese beauty whose tragic rebuke ultimately changed the course of his life, he spurred his horse up the steps of the church.

Lying in the Mediterranean almost due east of Valencia and about a hundred miles south-east of Barcelona, Majorca is easily reached from either of these ports; the more direct route being from Barcelona, from which there is a good service of steamers to Palma. The Transmediterranean Company's boats leave Barcelona every evening, and arrive at Palma early the following morning, both first and second-class accommodation being excellent. The journey from London *via* Port Bou and Barcelona can be done in less than 48 hours.

Hotel charges, quoted in pesetas, naturally vary with the exchange; but one may count upon obtaining excellent first-class accommodation in Palma for the equivalent of £4 to £5 a week, *en pension*, and good second-class accommodation from £3 3s. a week. The first-class hotels have every modern luxury, and Majorcan cooking everywhere is excellent. In the country, the charges per week *en pension* may be as low as £2 2s. per week, this rate including good food and service; bathrooms will, however, be lacking, and central heating replaced by wood fires.



SARACENIC: The Moorish well in the cloistered garden of the Monastery of San Francisco, Majorca, whence Fr. Juniper Serra went to California and founded the city of San Francisco

IF HAMLET'S PROBLEM

had been the choice of a fine old 'Scotch,' he would never have exclaimed 'To be or not to be?'

When it's a question of good whisky it's sure 'to be'—

KING GEORGE IV

1176

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

FORCIBLE FEEDING. — The supercharger or "blower," as it is familiarly known, has now been applied to motor-cars for some considerable time. Briefly it is a form of force pump which pushes more petrol mixture into the combustion chamber than would otherwise be drawn in by the suction of the pistons. This device is found more often on racing cars than on touring models, with the result that the public are really not quite certain whether it is a satisfactory accessory or not. On the whole I think the popular opinion is that the "blower" is a noisy, troublesome, and unreliable piece of mechanism. More often than not the argument against it is put in this way. If more power is required why not fit a larger engine? At first sight this seems an unanswerable argument, as few people would object to paying the additional tax incurred by the larger engine.

Until a few months ago I held the same opinion myself, but I have now driven a 2-litre Supercharged Lagonda well over 3,000 miles, and the result of my experience has taught me that a supercharger properly fitted and of reliable make is not the unsatisfactory petrol-eating component that I had always thought. As fitted on my car it is always in engagement, and is driven by spiral bevel gear from the front of the crankshaft, and it revolves at the same speed as the latter. I defy any passenger to tell by his ears that a blower is fitted, as it is dead silent. As regards petrol consumption, it is if anything slightly more economical than the same car without a supercharger which I drove for a year previous to taking delivery of this new model.

Where power is concerned it seems to me to make an increase of almost 100 per cent. and it gives me the extra power at low speed which is just where I want it. Up to the moment of writing the component has given me no trouble whatever, and except for the extra power I would not know it was there. The chief point, however, which I wish to stress, is the complete transformation of the character of the engine. It is not the old power unit with a big punch added. It is far more pleasant to drive and to maintain, and it is this latter point which differentiates it entirely from a larger engine. Due to the fact that the mixture is being forced into the engine there does not appear to be the same necessity to keep the engine in the very best of tune. One can afford to ignore the works, so to speak, under the bonnet and still obtain excellent results. Another advantage is the complete elimination of flat spots.

I hope my readers will not jump to the conclusion that every car fitted with a supercharger is going to be pleasant to handle, but I seriously suggest that if one manufacturer can make this component a satisfactory fitment there is no earthly reason why others should not do likewise.

A WARNING. — The grade letters by which certain well-known national brands of oil are classified have, many of them, been copied by firms which are almost unknown to the trade and to the public alike.

There is no guarantee as to the quality of the oils that are marked by such firms. There is, in fact, every likelihood that they will be inferior imitations since they are sold not on their own reputation, but on that of oils sponsored by national concerns. The better the reputation of the latter the easier it is to pass off inferior imitations. Motorists, therefore, should specify not only the grade letter, but also the proprietary name of the oil they want to buy. Several quite unknown brands, for instance, are dubbed "XL" or "AA" in imitation of the grading of Castrol oils. To make sure that they are not buying some third-rate oil motorists should use the full term, "Castrol AA" or "Castrol XL" as the case may be, and see that it is drawn from one of Wakefield's sealed cabinets.

A TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN.—If his boat had been fitted with English engines—Commodore Gar Wood is reported to have said after breaking the world's water-speed record a few days ago—he could have raised the record by another 20 m.p.h. Even allowing for exaggeration, this is a very remarkable statement indeed, especially as it comes from a man who has been so conspicuously in the public eye as a champion of his country. The reference is no doubt to the enormous power-to-weight ratio of the Rolls-Royce engines in Lord Wakefield's *Miss England II*. These engines owe their development originally to the Schneider Trophy Race, as they are of the same type as those fitted in the *S 6* seaplane that won the Trophy and the world's air-speed record in 1929. But it is not generally realized that *Miss England II* is actually lighter per horse-power than even the *S 6* seaplane, for boat and engines together weigh less than 3¼ lb. per b.h.p. Each engine develops over 2,000 b.h.p.

(*Continued on p. 72*)

SIGNS OF SPRING: Not only the early primroses blowing in their fragrance on the Sussex bank, but the car appears in frequency at the approach of the vernal season. This is an Armstrong-Siddeley Saloon supplied by the concessionaires, Warwick Wright, Ltd.

REPRESENTING ENGLAND IN THE DOMINION: The Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Bessborough, who has succeeded Lord Willingdon, now Viceroy of India, with the 25-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam—two aristocratic products calculated to maintain British prestige

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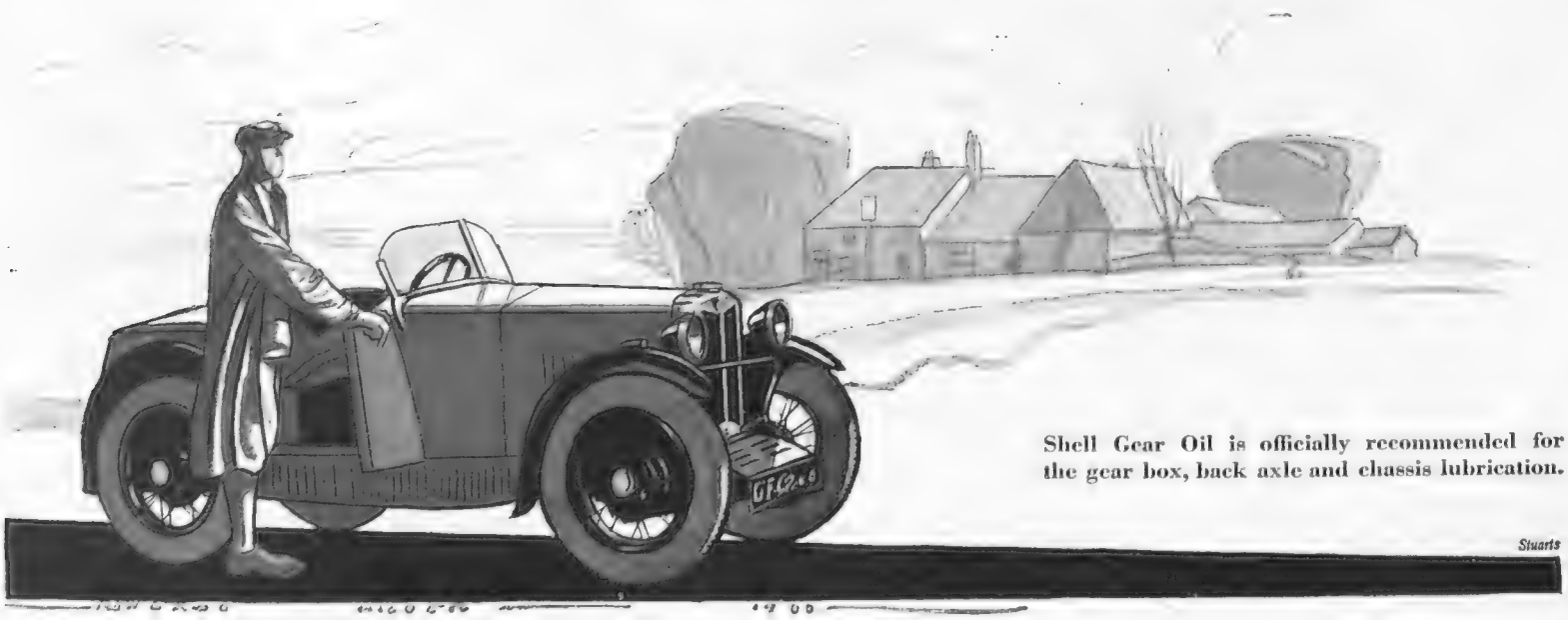

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The PETROL World—(Cont.)

The RILEY NINE SPECIAL: A Car Biography

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE TEST.—I always look upon the Riley Nine as a car which has set a fashion in this country. The fashion to which I allude is that of owning a small-engined car with a roomy body, possessing up-to-date and pleasing lines. No one can dispute the fact that the Riley Nine saloon when it first came out was a car which set many other motor manufacturers thinking, with the result that those peculiar yet attractive lines of the Riley coachwork have been copied over and over again.

As might be assumed, these remarks of mine are prompted by a recent road test of a Riley. The particular car placed at my disposal was a Monaco Special saloon. The Special series are really the "plus" models with the following additional equipment and tuning: A special engine with a considerably increased power output, a special induction system, twin carburetters, different pistons, and duplex Hartford shock absorbers. I notice in the catalogue that this particular car is claimed to possess a road speed of 65 m.p.h. So many claims are usually made in a catalogue that the average person is not inclined to regard them with any importance, but the very first time I took the Riley on the track I timed it to do 66·7 m.p.h. over a quarter of a mile. This speed was by stop-watch and not by a speedometer, although the latter was, I must confess, very truthful.

On the road this car runs like one twice as big and as heavy in so far as its road-holding qualities are concerned. I found that I could sweep round corners with the utmost confidence, knowing full well that the car would not roll or jump. At first when I took my seat behind the wheel I was a little disturbed to find that the latter was not centrally situated in front of me, but after I had covered about 100 miles this slight peculiarity ceased to cause any bother. So far as the driving position is concerned everything was well placed with the possible exception of the gear lever, which owing to its shortness called for a slight movement forward by the driver each time a change was required.

The engine is wonderfully powerful for its size, and is very rapid in getting into its stride. Smooth running is one of its principal features, and at only one point did I find any trace of vibration. Although it is so mighty in its work it seems continually to be on a slimming diet so far as petrol is concerned. Whilst I had the car it did well over 30 m.p.g., a figure which is remarkable in view of the accommodation given and the high efficiency of the power unit. There was no difficulty in starting up, and no matter how far I caned the engine it never appeared to overheat.

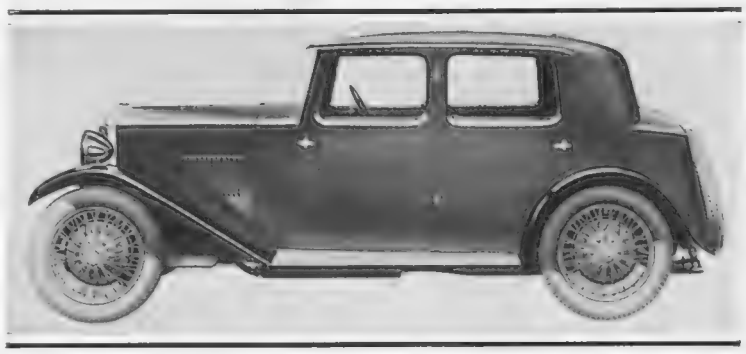
50 M.P.H. ON THIRD.—The gear-box provides four forward speeds in addition to the usual reverse. All the gears were quiet, and on every one of them I well exceeded the speeds which were indicated by yellow lettering on the dial of the speedometer. For instance, on third the driver is not supposed to exceed 41 m.p.h., but the engine figuratively smiled at the cautiousness of the speedometer, for on many occasions I did 52 m.p.h. on this gear. The driving position is excellent and there is plenty of elbow room, a luxury which drivers of small cars are not often given. The suspension was distinctly good, no matter how many occupants were in the car. The steering was light, free from back-lash and certain in operation. The lock provided was more than generous, and this naturally allows the car to be manœuvred with the utmost ease. Coming now to the brakes, I found that those operated both by the lever and the pedal could be adjusted by the driver or passenger whilst sitting in their seats and travelling along the road.

FINISH.—The bodywork calls for special mention—four large doors give access to the interior—although the rear seats are so close to those in front that the casual observer might think they were uncomfortable. I was told by my passengers that the exact reverse is the case. Pæans of praise were sung to me by these passengers after a 100-mile journey. This is just one example of the skilful design which one runs up against in all sorts of places on this Riley. After my experience I am not in the least surprised that this car has a wonderful record of successes. It is so obviously efficient that it is difficult to imagine how anyone else could produce a chassis of or near the same dimensions having a better performance. The motorist, whether he is expert or merely passable in the handling of cars, is bound to experience a peculiar feeling of pride when he finds himself driving one of these Rileys.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the RILEY NINE SPECIAL

Engine—4 Cylinders.	Brakes — Fully Compensated on all Four Wheels.
Bore and Stroke—60·3 mm. and 95·2 mm.	Steering—Worm and Full Wheel.
Capacity—1,089 cc.	Electrical System — Two Unit 12 Volt.
Clutch—Single Plate.	Petrol Tank—At Rear.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and a Reverse.	Annual Tax—£9.
Transmission — Enclosed Drive.	Price of Model Tested—£325
Suspension—Semi-Elliptic Springs Fore and Aft.	

Manufacturers:
RILEY (COVENTRY), LTD.,
FOLESHILL, COVENTRY



THE CAR IN QUESTION: The Riley Nine Special. A motor-car whose performance compares favourably with and, in fact, suggests that of many automobiles of twice its size and weight. It gives 65 m.p.h. and 30 m.p.g, even with its twin carburetters, and has a sweetness and smoothness more than gratifying to owner and/or driver

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Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

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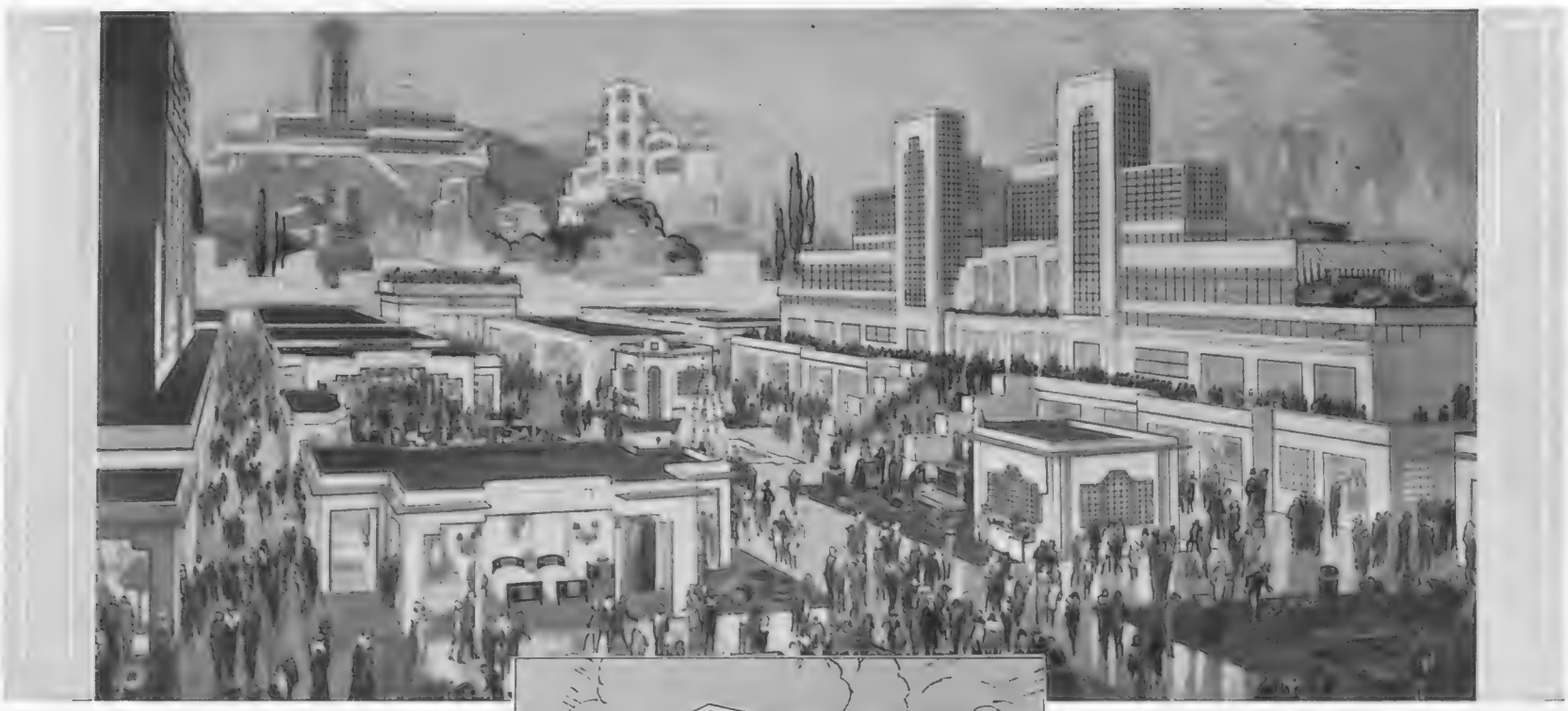
IDEAL HOME SECTION of the WORLD of WOMEN



"MONOPOLIS": The city of the future that forms one of the most fascinating of exhibits at Olympia

SPRINGTIME

In the restless and somewhat depressing times in which we live, it seems to me that home should essentially be a place of peace and quiet cheerfulness, and that we should give to it a little extra care and attention. Now is the time of year—spring-cleaning time to be exact—to make a critical survey of each room and see where and how improvements and renovations can best be effected with the means at one's disposal.

There are so many things that can be done without any great expenditure . . . practical things that make for the smooth running of the household . . . magic with paint or distemper . . . silks, satins, or cretonnes, remembering that the first rays of spring sunshine are sure to put to shame the dingy corners that might have passed muster during the dull days of winter. Perhaps you can ring the changes in the home—and every home must have change—by bringing some piece of furniture from this room to that, or maybe by discarding some of the old and purchasing new.

It is always wise at this spring-cleaning-time of the year to pay frequent visits to the large stores and well-known furnishing and equipment houses, where all the newest devices and ideas relating to the home are displayed.

Then there is, of course, the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, which was opened on Tuesday, April 7, by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of the City of London.

The Exhibition this year is a veritable gold mine of inspiration for the man or woman who is on the look out for practical and decorative suggestions for the home.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT": The husband's ideal home

If you are contemplating building a house, for instance, or even renovating an existing one, a visit to the housing section at Olympia is really helpful; for even if you do not want to accept the ideas in their entirety, there is certain to be some portion that you can adapt for your own use or that will set your mind evolving its own new schemes.

I was especially attracted by the "sun-centre" house which is equipped with an all-the-year-round balcony. This balcony is a delightful combination of Colonial origin, and is glazed with Vita glass.

Of interest, too, in these days of noise, is the "Hush-hush" house, designed by Mr. Trystan Edwards, A.R.I.B.A. Entirely eliminating noise, this house has four bedrooms, lounge hall, dining-room, and drawing-room, and an electrically run kitchen. There is also a garage, a charming roof garden, and pergola.

In a further quest for silence the walls, floors, and ceilings are lined with a wall-board which is both a sound and heat insulator, and which is capable of varied treatments.

"Noise-proofing" has of late aroused much general interest, and many enlightening experiments are being made. It is, of course, now possible to have one's existing flat or house so equipped that all outside sound is deadened and in most cases eliminated, and this can be done quite inexpensively too.

FOR THE YOUNG IDEA: This natural ash toy-pen is equipped with numerous shelves and pockets, and has a lift-up flap table inside at which the child can sit and draw. When not in use the side flaps may be closed and the "pen" then looks exactly like a compact cupboard. Gill and Reigate

in your own ideal home

by MARJORIE DAY

At the exhibition last year, an entry that created particular interest was "The House that Jill Built," designed by a woman to represent modern feminine views on the subject of house planning.

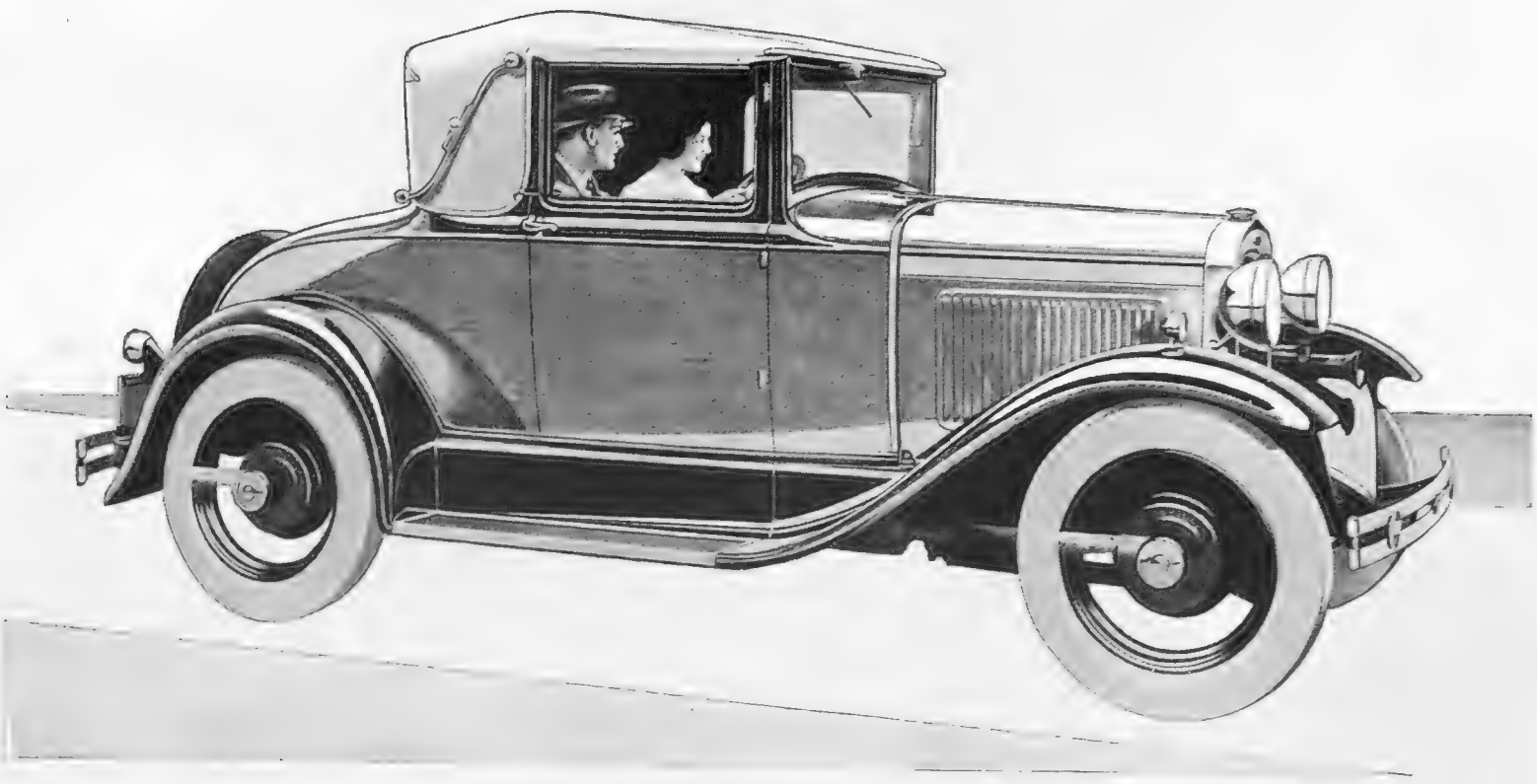
This year a reply has been made by Mr. T. D. McLean, who wins the husband's prize for designing an "Ideal Home." The house, which is of ferro-concrete, is modern to the point of fantasy.

The nursery, closely followed by the bathroom, appears to be the room that has experienced the most change during recent years. This development is vividly demonstrated by the nursery section at the Ideal Home Exhibition which was prepared by the Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn, the well-known authority on child welfare. There is a Victorian nursery with its curious atmosphere of ornateness and stuffiness, in happy contrast to which are the modern nurseries, designed to suit all purses. The furniture for an up-to-date nursery is designed by Messrs. Gill and Reigate of George Street, Hanover Square, London, W. 1.

COMFORT IN THE NURSERY: A well-designed chair, having pockets in one arm for periodicals and on the other arm a hinged box for small oddments. Beneath the seat on each side are two hinged drawers, and a sliding leg-rest can be drawn out in front

During the Exhibition, the Main Hall at Olympia is devoted to exhibits of furniture decoration, heating, lighting, sanitation, etc., and the whole is shown against a setting of futuristic architecture. "Monopolis" this city of the future is called. Space does not permit a fuller description of the Exhibition, but on other pages in this issue the question of household equipment is dealt with, with a view to helping to solve some of the pressing problems which occur in even the best regulated households at this time of the year.

(*Continued on p. 76*)



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Tudor Saloon ·	24 *h.p.*	£180
Touring Car ·	„	£185
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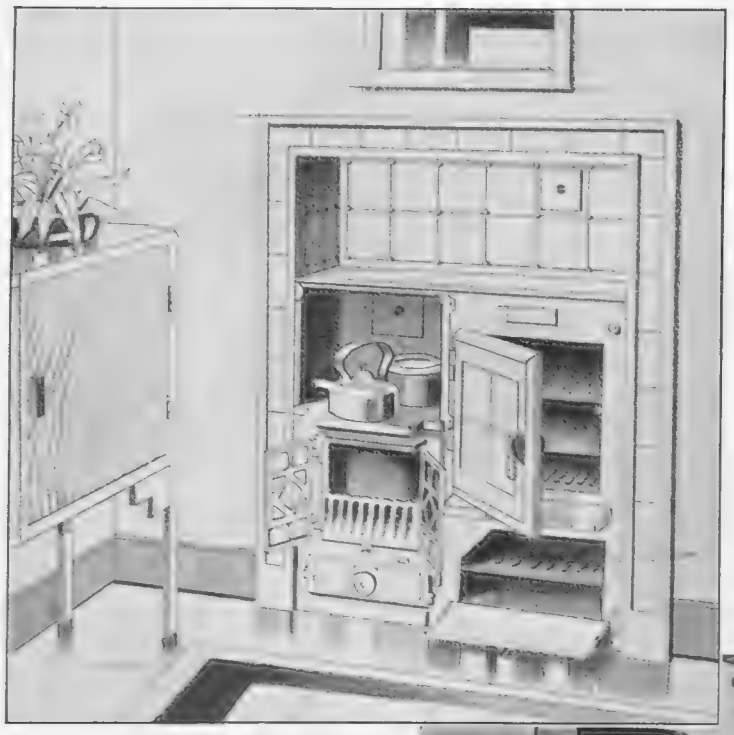
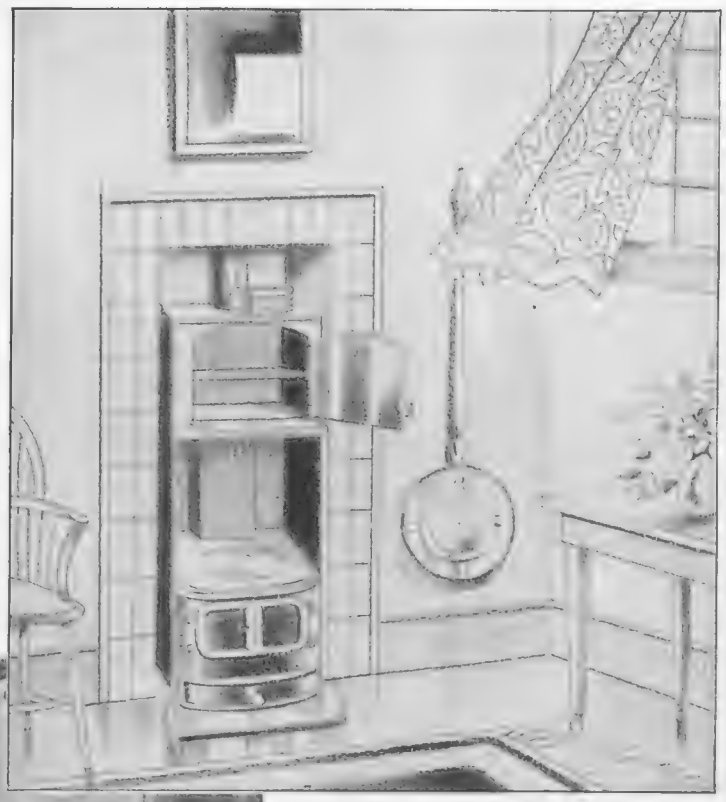
IDEAL HOME SECTION of the WORLD of WOMEN

SPRING-TIME IN YOUR OWN IDEAL HOME



A new type of kitchen stove for cooking and heating, designed by Mitchell, Russell and Co., Ltd. The fire burns by day and night and gives a plentiful supply of hot water



A small portable grate and stove suitable for a country cottage. It is made of cast-iron, so will not rust, and can be run with either coal or wood. Smith and Wellstood

An attractive bathroom by George Jennings of Princes Street, Hanover Square. The washing-basin is carried out in pale green china and the bath is of pale green porcelain

(*Continued from p. 74*)

COOKING AND HEATING BY FUEL.—The problem of heating in the home is one that to-day can be solved in a number of diverse ways. For many people electricity is a practical method, for others gas is more economical, or you, personally, may prefer fuel. If you do I would advise you to visit the stand of Messrs. Smith and Wellstood, Ltd., and see their latest cooking and heating devices. Their newest stove for heating hot water is called the Hydresse, and is run with anthracite fuel. A special shaking device removes all ashes so that the fire is never choked. The feeding is done through an opening at the top, and the heat of the freshly-ignited fuel has to pass down and under the bridge before it escapes into the chimney. The draught is under perfect control, so that the water is maintained at whatever temperature is desired.

In addition to this excellent boiler Messrs. Smith and Wellstood are showing other water heaters and cookers; many of these have enamelled surfaces, which along with specially prepared hot plates eliminate all blacklead from the kitchen. An example is illustrated on this page.

Another type of stove, also illustrated here, is extremely practical for use in a country cottage or very small house, and is made of cast-iron. It cannot rust, and either coal or wood may be used for fuel. The small open grate at the bottom gives off a good heat, and the oven is a reliable cooker; at the top is a place for heating plates, and below a boiling hob. This stove, which goes by the amusing name of Little Dorrit, is also made in blue enamel.

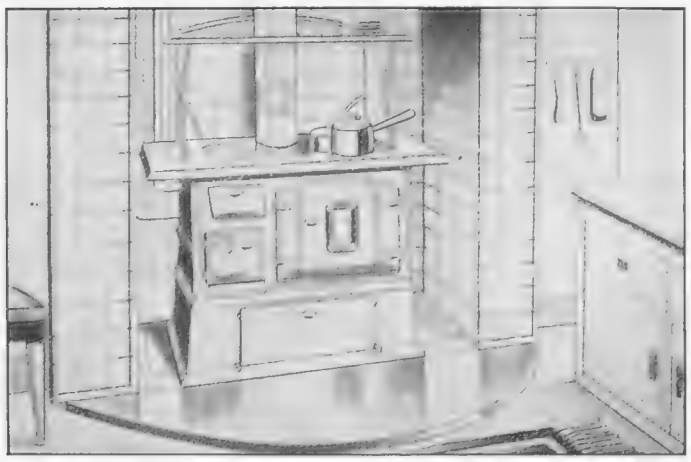
MODERN BATHROOMS.—Among the notable designers of bathrooms and bathroom fitments the name of George Jennings of Princes Street, Hanover Square, is famous. A very attractive modern bathroom designed by this firm is illustrated on this page. It is carried out in a delicate lettuce green, and the tiled walls are mottle grey. A wide selection of washing basins of various colours and designs can also be seen in the showrooms of this firm; one model is made with an anti-splash rim around the edge for use in a bedroom. Many of the chromium-plated fittings are of unique design. A novel idea is the use of a rubber cushion placed at the back of the bath for the head to rest on. It is held in place by suction.

A FIRE WHICH BURNS BY NIGHT AND BY DAY.—When everywhere woman is doing all she can to save labour in the home, the products of Messrs. Mitchell, Russell and Co., Ltd., are of great interest. This firm are showing for the first time in London a new cooking and heating grate called the "New Courtier." This embodies all the advantages of the well-known "Courtier Stove" with the addition of a splendid hot plate for boiling, an exceptionally efficient and spacious oven for baking and cooking, and a grilling chamber. This stove burns any kind of fuel continuously day and night without rekindling, and gives off a plentiful supply of hot water. It is now on view at Messrs. Mitchell, Russell and Co.'s stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

SUNLIGHT AT HOME.—A new sunlight lamp, described as the "Ultrasol," has been produced by Philips Lamps, Ltd., the well-known lamp manufacturers.

The "Ultrasol" has been specially designed for home use, operating off the lighting mains like any ordinary lamp. The rays emitted represent the nearest known approach to natural sunlight, consisting of health-giving ultra-violet rays. An exposure of only a few minutes daily will give one a healthy tan, and at the same time tone up the entire system. The lamp costs £19 19s.

(*Continued on p. 78*)



A portable enamel stove, which burns either house-coal or anthracite. The oven door is fitted with asbestos which keeps in the heat and ensures economy, whilst plenty of hot water is always assured. Smith and Wellstood

A new sunlight lamp, specially designed for home use and operating off the lighting mains like an ordinary lamp. The rays emitted consist of health-giving ultra-violet rays. Phillips

PATENT "WELLSTOOD" RANGES

LUXURY, ECONOMY AND SUPREME COOKING EFFICIENCY

THE BEST RANGE because over three-quarters of a century's experience and research have perfected its unique construction—asbestos padded, heat-recording ovens, smoke-consuming fire-chamber, permanent iron flues, suction dust collector, draught touch-controls—these are in every range.

THE BEST RANGE—the verdict of thousands of Country Houses and Mansions where a WELL-STOOD was selected though it cost a few pounds more—this foresight has been justified by its perfect cooking, coal economy and kitchen service.

THE BEST RANGE—yet still better if "BONAMELLED"—that superb surface coat of bright, lustrous porcelain—spotlessly clean, heat retaining, labour saving and practically unchippable —the ultimate refinement.

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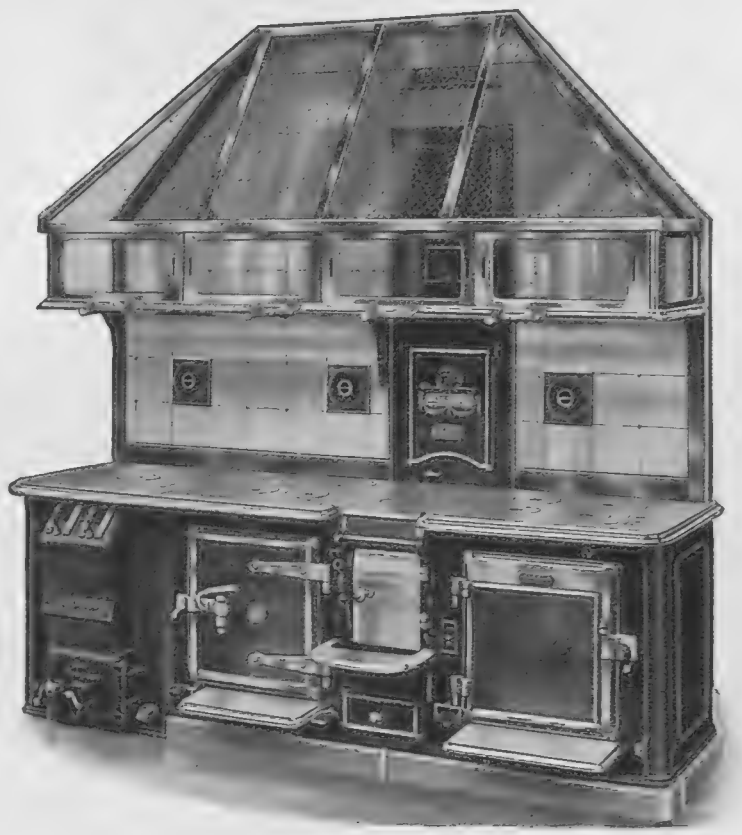

The "Sidelight Wellstood" Range.

To be seen in operation at our Stand No. 92, Ground Floor, Main Hall, Ideal Home Exhibition, April 7th—May 2nd. Also supplied to fill recess opening instead of outstanding.

Read by a good light...

Fit ROYAL EDISWAN LAMPS

The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd., 123/5 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4

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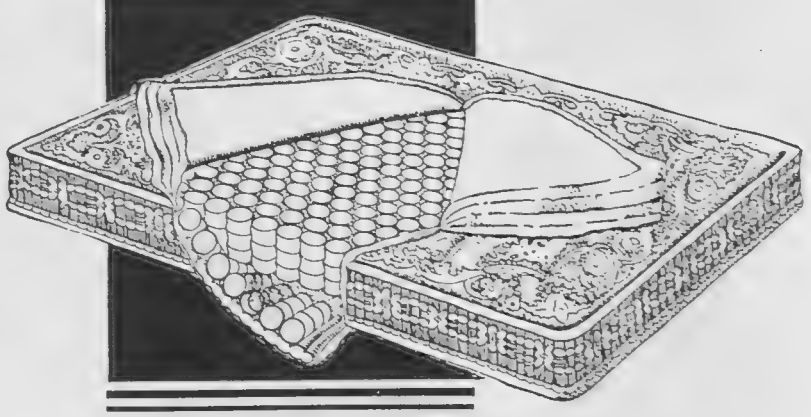
SLEEP IS BEST *on the Beautyrest!*



EVERY detail in the building of the Beautyrest Mattress has been carefully studied to give maximum comfort with the best possible value. The finest materials, specialised workmanship and patented features of construction ensure you super-bedding which is smart, luxurious and serviceable for a lifetime.

SOLD BY GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
Prices from **£6 . 6 . 0,** according to size.

Beautyrest Mattress

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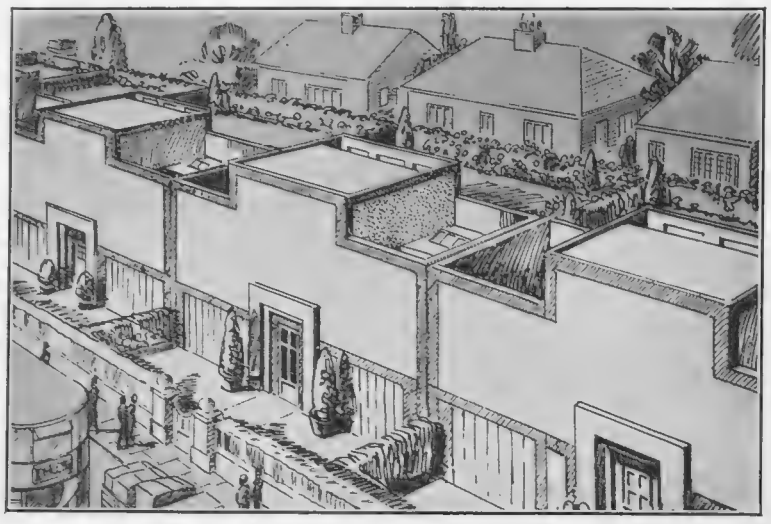
IDEAL HOME SECTION of the WORLD of WOMEN



THE HUSH-HUSH HOUSE: A feature of this year's Exhibition at Olympia is this house, whence sound is scientifically excluded

(*Continued from p.* 76)

AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE RADIO WORLD.—A Radiogramophone made by the same firm is an instrument quite out of the ordinary.

Philips have for the radio side of the instrument used their four-valve all-electric receiver—a set which already has been awarded many international awards for its remarkable performance.

This receiver uses single-knob tuning, a fact alone which makes it a most attractive proposition. Then there is the illuminated tuning dial and the carefully adjusted volume control, which can give one either a whisper or music in all its majesty. The control board of the Radiogramophone is very simple. The layout is such that even a child after a few minutes' tuition would have no difficulty in controlling the instrument. Change-over from radio to gramophone or vice versa is accomplished by throwing over a small lever. The gramophone reproduction is all that can be desired. An automatic brake ensures that the record is stopped when the needle reaches the last groove.

A clever device, fixed to the cabinet lid, makes it absolutely impossible for this to be slammed. No matter what pressure is exerted the lid will close softly and gently.

A NEW VACUUM CLEANER.—A vacuum cleaner has just been placed on the market by the Edison Swan Electric Co., Ltd. The powerful motor of the high-speed type is mounted on ball bearings and requires neither oiling nor any other attention. Moreover, it is astonishingly quiet. There are no sharp metal edges on the nozzle to press down on the pile—just two rows of soft, stationary brushes to loosen the dirt, and easy running castors which make the motion of this vacuum cleaner quite easy. Ingenious dusting tools for chairs, curtains, picture rails, and other portions of a room where dirt collects complete this cleaning outfit, which is sold at £12 12s. inclusive.

A reliable electric iron is also made by this firm whose edges are rounded off to prevent rucking and damage to material.

A RELIABLE STAIN AND PRESERVATIVE.—That deadly disease of timber—dry rot—occurs in even newly-built homes, and when it does, is extremely difficult and expensive to get rid of. The wise householder will use some kind of wood preservative both inside and out. Solignum is one of the best known of these, and is, of course, a stain as well. For staining floors it is excellent, since it leaves a smooth surface which will neither crack nor wear off. It is made in many attractive colours.

The Solignum that is used for outdoor work is made in the same variety of shades. A good example of the use of Solignum for interior work can be seen at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia this year, for it has been used for the woodwork in the house exhibited by the Universal Housing Company, Ltd., Rickmansworth.

FOR RESTFUL SLEEP.—Since just about one-third of one's life is spent in bed, one cannot take too much trouble in choosing a hygienic and comfortable mattress on which to lie. One which will ensure restful nights and the relaxation of every nerve and muscle is the "Beautyrest Mattress," made by Messrs. Simco Ltd. It has an inner cushion of sensitive springs, surrounded by buoyant new cotton down. Each spring is encased in a separate cloth pocket which eliminates noise. The end row of coils on all four sides is anchored to the patent fluted border, producing a firm edge which neither collapses nor bulges. Automatic ventilation keeps the interior fresh and hygienic. This mattress has a six inch box and is hand button tufted both top and bottom, allowing free motion of all the springs. The coverings are made in good quality fabrics in various colours and designs.

Drawn by C. Mason

THE VICTORIAN DINING-ROOM: One of the delightful series of dining-rooms through the ages at Olympia. It was designed by Douglas C. Tanner, F.R.I.B.A.

Bring Harmony into your Furnishing with

BELL

Delft Tile FIREPLACES

YOU CAN CHOOSE ANY "BELL" DESIGN, COLOUR AND FIRE TO SUIT YOUR OWN REQUIREMENTS IN FIREPLACES

Our Catalogue, which will be sent post free, shows a variety of designs and gives full details of "Bell" Fires—Coal, Gas, and Electric.

The "Bell" Electric Fireplace comprises a Delft Faience Mantel and Bell Electric Fire complete in one unit ready for fixing anywhere—no brickwork recess or flue is necessary. Absence of metalwork means a saving in labour.

All fireparts can be removed from the front within one minute for inspection.

Prices from £10:17:6 complete. A choice of colours and any voltage. (*Applicable to England and Wales.*)

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Telephone: Museum 3029.
And at Kingswell Works, NORTHAMPTON.
Scottish Showrooms:
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Antique Buff and Grey Brown.
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Applicable to England and Wales.

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SPORTING BRONZES Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend. Prices from 4 Gns.
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on the Firth of Clyde. Arran is Bonnie Scotland in miniature with its Mountains, Moors, Rivers, and Glens and Sandy Bays. The bathing, boating, pleasure sailing, fishing, tennis, and golf are excellent. Up-to-date accommodation. *Easily reached. L.M.S. to Ardrossan and half an hour on L.M.S. steamer. Cheap Holiday Tickets. Guide Book post free 2d., from Publicity Manager, Whiting Bay, Arran.*

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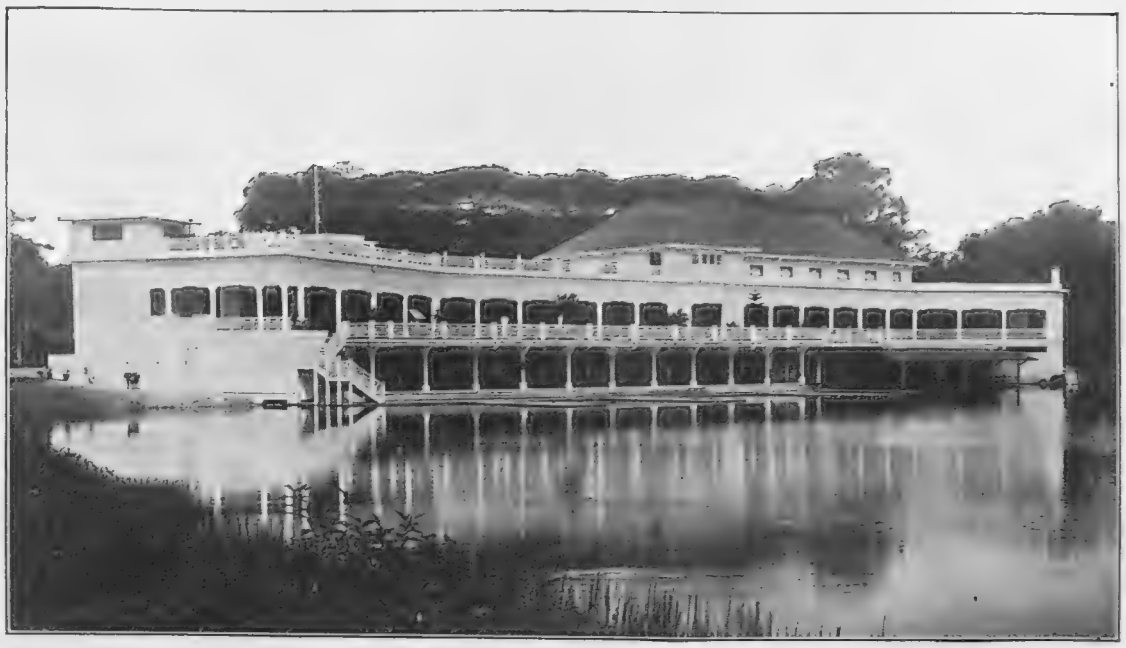

WHEREVER TIMBER IS USED—SOLIGNUM PROTECTS IT

In temperate climates, where dry rot and decay play havoc with unprotected timber—in the tropics where the white ant is an even speedier agent of destruction, Solignum is specified by Governments, Municipalities, Railways and Building Contractors. In addition to its unequalled value as a preservative Solignum is an attractive stain for wood. The Red, Brown, Blue, Green, Yellow and other shades in which Solignum is made enable it to take the place of paint for decorative work, both inside and outside, at an enormous saving in initial cost and upkeep.

Write for particulars and name of nearest stockist to

Sole Makers and Proprietors:—

SOLIGNUM LIMITED, 205 BOROUGH HIGH STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

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When the Rangoon Boat Club constructed their imposing headquarters by the side of cool placid waters, their foresight and business acumen demanded that all timber used in its construction should be treated with Solignum so that it should be protected against the ravages of rot and decay and the depredations of the ever present White Ant.

SOLIGNUM
The WOOD PRESERVATIVE

For your convenience post the Coupon below.

NAME .....

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3

Happy hours round the Hearth!

With the Cheerful Glow of the "Courtier" Stove.

Its cheery and healthy warmth provides real fireside comfort. The "Courtier" can be used either as an Open Fire or as a Slow Combustion Stove. Burning any kind of fuel, clean in use and needing very little attention, it maintains an even temperature with perfect ventilation, and gives continuous day and night service at a fuel cost of 6d. per 24 hours, with no fire to lay in the morning!

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA
STAND No. 95
GROUND FLOOR, GRAND HALL
Heating and Lighting Section.

THE "Courtier" STOVE.

BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT.
Supplied in Enamel and Other Finishes.

Made in 3 sizes PRICES from £5.15.0 Carriage paid.

Obtainable from all Ironmongers, Builders' Merchants and the leading Stores.

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Showrooms: 3, Percy St., Tottenham Ct. Rd., London, W.1

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NOTES and NEWS

ROYALTY AT TORQUAY

It is only fitting that royalty should visit royal places. Torquay, known as the "Queen of the English Riviera," has extended her hospitality to many members of many reigning houses at various times. Most recently, Prince Takamatsu, heir presumptive to the imperial throne of Japan, and Princess Takamatsu, who have been in Europe for some weeks, visited, with an entourage of ten, the famous Palace Hotel, Torquay, for two days. They were accompanied among others by the Comptroller of the Household to H.I.H., the Physician-in-Ordinary, the Lady and Gentleman-in-Waiting, the Secretary, and the Naval Attaché. On one of the days the Prince visited Plymouth and Devonport, where he was entertained by the naval authorities, what time the Princess drove round the lovely district in which Torquay is set. The following day both the Prince and Princess visited the Naval College at Dartmouth, returning to luncheon at Torquay.

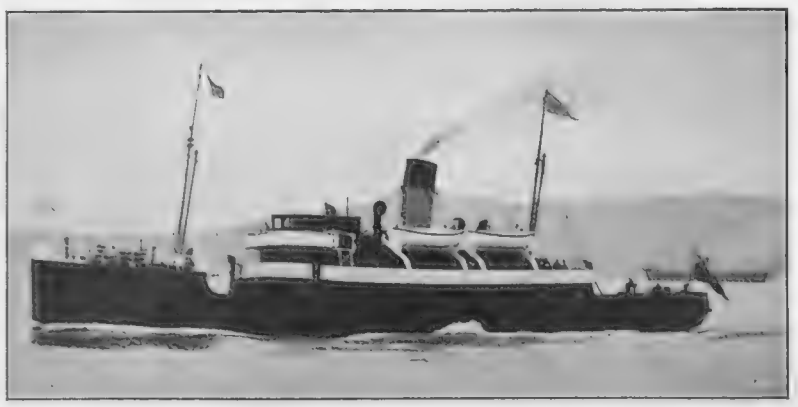
T.S.S. "AUTOCARRIER"

The twin screw cross-Channel steamer, *Autocarrier*, has been built by Messrs. David and William Henderson and Co., Ltd., Glasgow, for the Southern Railway's cross-Channel service and has been specially designed for the carriage of motor cars and their passengers. She is constructed under the requirements of the Board of Trade for a cross-Channel passenger steamer (licensed to carry 120 passengers) and is in full compliance with the requirements of the International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea, 1929.

The leading particulars of the *Autocarrier* are:—

Length (over all) - -	230 ft.
Breadth (extreme) - -	35 ft. 8 in.
Depth (moulded to main deck) -	15 ft.
Load draft - - -	11 ft. 6 in.
Gross tonnage - - -	850 tons
Net tonnage - - -	280 tons
Complement of passengers and crew provided for - -	140

The general appearance of the *Autocarrier* is characterized by a cruiser stern, complete main deck fore and aft, with forecastle and long bridge deck, above which there is a large deckhouse with navigating bridge and lifeboats, two masts and one funnel.



CROSS-CHANNEL: The Southern Railway's new steamer, designed especially for the conveyance to and from the Continent. The T.S.S. *Autocarrier* is 850 tons gross, and made her inaugural trip between Dover and Calais on March 30

A LUNCH-HOUR CONCERT: A scene at one of the series of three concerts held at the Kingsway Hall. *Inset* is Mr. C. Burnley Jones, a well-known advertising man and the President of the Fleet Street Orchestra, who conducted his own music. The funds went to the Royal Free Hospital

The ship will carry approximately thirty-five motor cars, which will be loaded in and out of the holds by means of two derricks, each of five tons lifting capacity. The motor cars will all be carried under cover, and the head room is sufficient to house the largest type of car. Suitable arrangements have also been made for securing the cars so as to ensure their safety in all conditions of weather. These spaces are well ventilated by large mechanical fans which have been installed to clear away any gases or foul air. Fire prevention has also been carefully considered, and a full fire-fighting system is fitted.

On the main deck forward of the machinery space accommodation is provided in well-appointed saloons for ladies and gentlemen.

MUSIC FOR LUNCH.

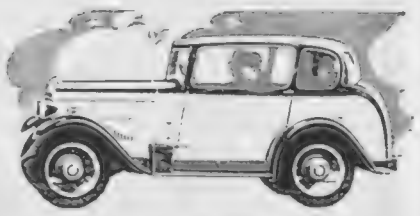
The picture reproduced below on this page was taken at the Kingsway Hall during one of the three Lunch-hour Concerts recently organized by Mr. C. Burnley Jones (well known in advertising circles and president of the Fleet Street Orchestra) in aid of the funds of the Royal Free Hospital. These concerts were very successful and attracted many hundreds of people between 1 and 2 p.m. on the three Thursdays that were selected for the concerts. There was an orchestra of forty-two, and the conductor was Mr. N. V. Dagg. Mr. Sidney Harrison, who is seen at the piano, gave at the last concert a brilliant rendering of the famous Grieg Pianoforte Concerto. Inset is a photograph of Mr. Burnley Jones, who composed two orchestral suites specially for these concerts, which he personally conducted.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Seven pounds ten shillings per hour! This is the sum required by The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, to feed, clothe, and educate the 1,100 boys and girls in their various Homes and the Training Ship, *Arethusa*. Gifts are earnestly desired to help in carrying on this good work of training boys and girls to become good and useful citizens. Gifts should be sent to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE added comfort, safety and economy of Triumph motoring—all make a very definite appeal to the family man. Deep cushioned seats, the perfectly appointed interior, hydraulic brakes and safety glass throughout ensure comfort, confidence and absolute peace of mind.

There are Super Seven models from £162 .10s. Scorpion 6-cyl. models from £220. Write for full details.



Luxuriously appointed, hydraulic brakes, safety glass, cellulose finish, chromium plating. Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres.

TRIUMPH

The finest small car in the world.

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor)

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau was inaugurated a few years ago specially to help readers to overcome the many difficulties that arise when the problem of holidays is being discussed.

In its new form the Travel Section is one of the most popular features of the paper. Useful and *practical* information is given each week of tours by rail, sea and road, and beauty spots and health resorts all over the world are fully illustrated and described.

All Travel queries are promptly answered by post. *Enquiries should be addressed to—*

"The Sphere's" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2

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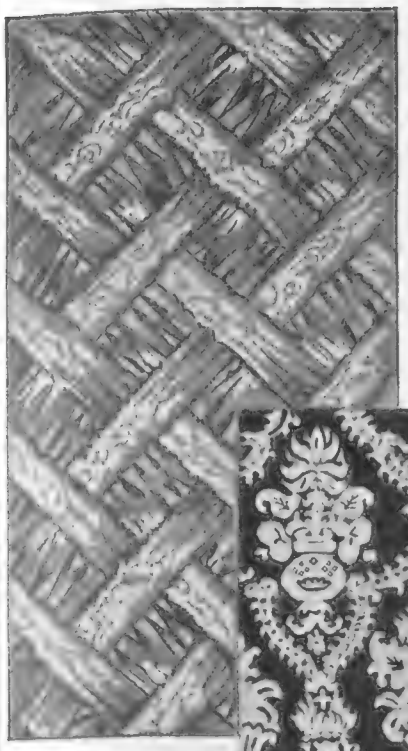

The New 'British Weave' (*illustrated above*).

A fadeless curtain fabric, modern in design and weave. In two-tone shades of Green, Blue, Brown, Copper. 50 ins. wide. Exclusive to Harrods.

Per yard **5/11**

The 'Milan' (*above*). An exclusive Satin Damask of Italian Period design, beautiful in finish and very durable. In two-tone shades of Rose, Green, Red, Blue and Old Ivory. 50 ins. wide. Per yard **11/9**

CURTAINS AND COVERS

Harrods will gladly submit Estimates for making Curtains and Loose Covers, and will also send Patterns of Fabrics, without charge or obligation. Write to-day.

The 'Manningham' (*illustrated above*). An exclusive Damask in soft chintz tones on a Green, Blue and Rose Satin groundwork. Colours guaranteed fast. 50 ins. wide. Per yard **12/9**

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An aid to Beauty

This soothing preparation protects the skin against the ravages of wind and sun, removes all traces of roughness or redness, and ensures the velvet smoothness of a perfect complexion. It is a delight to use. A "Beauty Treatment" in itself, Beetham's Larola **1/6** & **2/6** per bottle.

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LAROLA ROSE BLOOM. Sifter box with puff, 1/- and 2/6 per box.

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Red for dark hair, Golden for fair hair.

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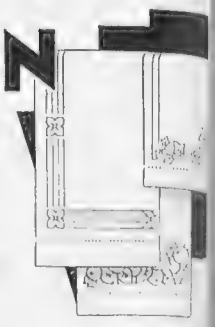

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How Society Men & Women re-create their Hair's Lost Colour

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How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

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Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

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No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this: when the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and you will find not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

THE ONE METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' *certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use.*"—"*There are other points which commend it: its admirable effects upon the* **general health and condition of the hair,** *and so on; but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies.*"

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' *is Nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. . . .* **I have personally used this restorative. . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish.**"—*HYGEIA (Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty").*

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of "Facktative" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to* THE FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 57), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

ENCOURAGES STRONG, LUXURIANT GROWTH & IMPROVES HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, the "Facktative" treatment is of especial benefit to those who are returning to the longer hair vogue and who are anxious to quicken a strong, luxuriant growth.

It removes all accumulations of scurf or dandruff.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

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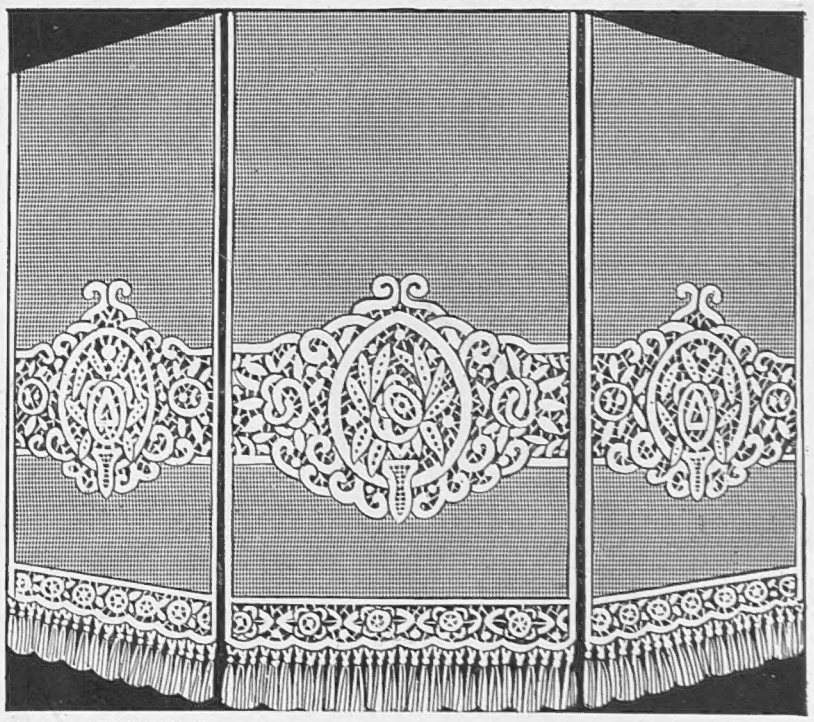

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54 ins. × 2½ yds. Each **17/9**

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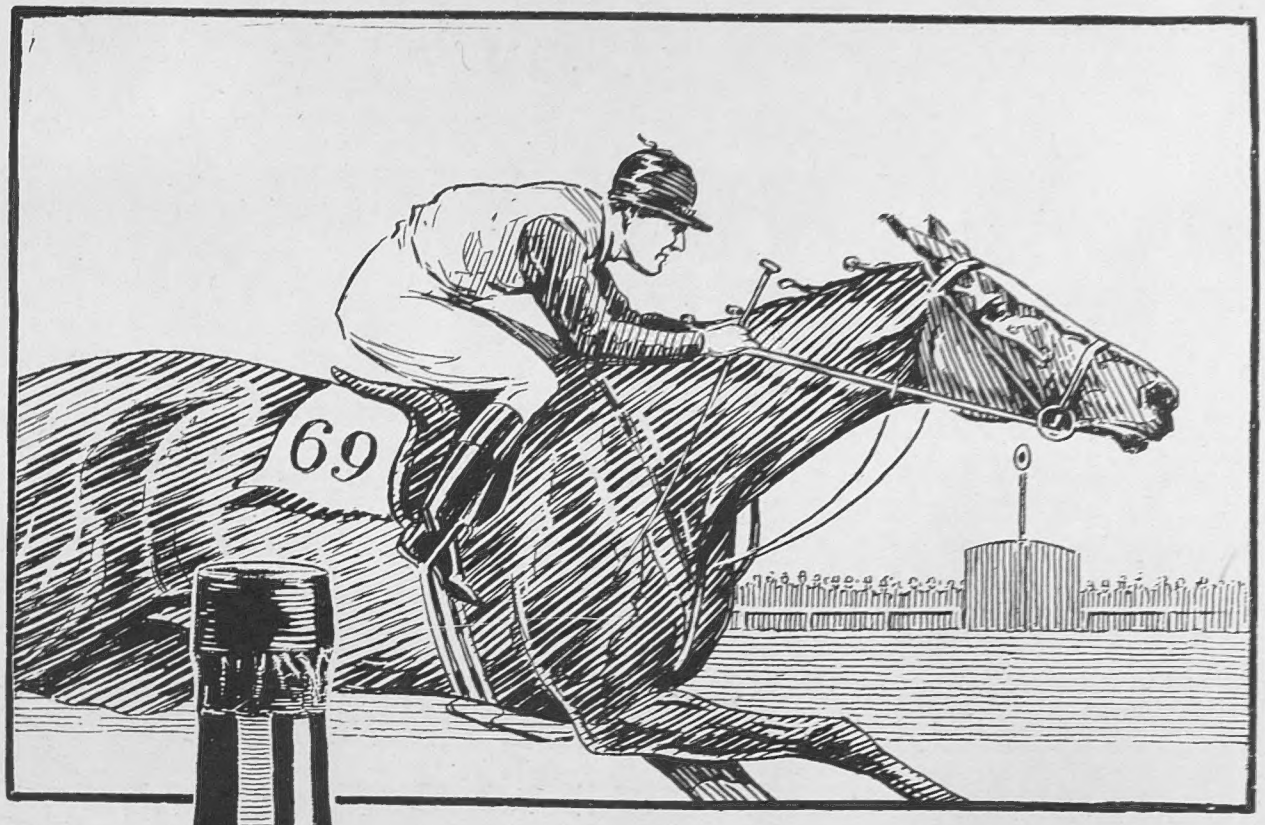

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